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KID COLT OUTLAW
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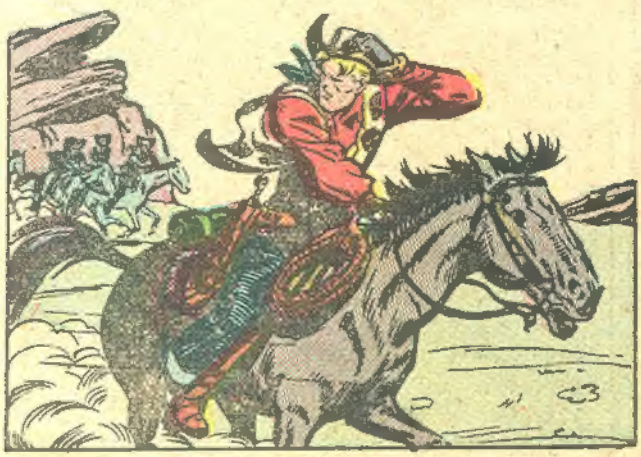
KID COLT

WHAT TH ... ?! I THOUGHT WE KILLED THE KID!
HE'S ALIVE! OWW! PLUG 'IM, QUILL, BEFORE HE... AARRGHH!
YOU BACK-SHOOTIN' PRAIRIE BUMS HAVE RUSTLED YOUR LAST LEG OF BEEF!
"THE MAN FROM NOWHERE!"
7315

THE SUN SINKS LOW OVER THE BUENO MOUNTAIN RANGE, HIDING ITS FACE AS THOUGH TO BLOT OUT THE SIGHT AND SOUND OF THE VIOLENCE THAT FLARES IN THE BRUSH BELOW!



KID COLT, WANTED OUTLAW, RUNS BEFORE A POSSE OF MOB-MAD MEN WHO, WITH THE HELP OF HORSE RELAYS, HAVE KEPT CLOSE ON HIS TRAIL FOR A WEEK!

KEEP GOIN', STEEL, OL' FELLER... MAYBE WE CAN LOSE THESE HOMBRES HERE IN THE MOUNTAINS... WE'VE GOT TO... WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS MUCH LONGER!
LOOK! THEY'VE STOPPED! NONE OF THOSE OTHER STEEDS'LL DARE TRY THIS LEAP!

AN HOUR LATER... THE SUN HAS GONE AND PURPLE SHADOWS BLOT THE LAND!
WE'RE SAFE NOW, STEEL! WE'LL MOVE OVER THE MOUNTAINS EASY-LIKE AND FIND SOME SPOT TO REST UP...WE'RE BOTH SO GAUNT, WE LOOK LIKE SKELETONS!
DAWN FINDS THE WEARY FUGITIVE OVER THE MOUNTAINS AND APPROACHING A SMALL RANCH HOUSE...
STATE YOUR BUSINESS, STRANGER--I'VE GOT YOU CORNERED!
JUST LOOKIN' FOR A PLACE TO REST AND GRAIN MY HORSE, AND GIT A BIT OF GRUB FOR MYSELF!
OH, A GRUB-LINE RIDER! WELL... GET DOWN AND COME IN!
NELLIE, SET OUT SOME GRUB FOR THIS HUNGRY STRANGER! TED, YOU TAKE CARE OF HIS CAYUSE!
OKAY, POP... I'LL UNSADDLE AND FEED HIM, PRONTO!
MISTER, DON'T MIND THE SUSPICIOUS GREETING YOU GOT FROM DAD... HUNGRY FOLKS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME TO THE BALLOTS' TABLE! WE AIN'T GOT MUCH BUT WHAT WE GOT WE DON'T MIND SHARIN'!
I GOT CAUSE TO BE SPOOKY... PLENTY CAUSE!
WE'VE BEEN RUSTLED BLIND--NOT A HEAD OF STOCK LEFT ON OUR RANGE! WE COUNTED ON OUR HERD TO PAY OFF THE MORTGAGE ON THIS PLACE... BUT NOW I RECKON WE'LL BE RUN OUTA HERE WHEN THE MORTGAGE PAYMENT COMES DUE!
YOU FOLKS SURE HAVE A HEAP OF TROUBLE PILED UP!
THIS STRANGER AIN'T CONCERNED WITH OUR TROUBLES, DAD!... LIKELY HAS GRIEF OF HIS OWN!
NOTHING COMPARED WITH YOURS, FOLKS! BUT TELL ME, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE BOY? HE LOOKS LIKE A HEALTHY YOUNGSTER TO ME!
AND AS IF THINGS AIN'T BAD ENOUGH... THERE'S THE BOY!
2

OH, HE'S HEALTHY ENOUGH! HIS TROUBLE IS THAT HE'S GOT AN IDEA HE'D LIKE TO BE AN OUTLAW! ...ADVENTURE, DANGER, ALL THAT KIND OF STUFF! WANTS TO BE LIKE THAT KID COLT HOMBRE! WE'RE AFRAID HE'LL RUN OFF SOON AN' GO TO THE BAD! HE'S ALL I'VE GOT NOW... AND I WANT TO KEEP HIM CLEAN! ER... WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS, STRANGER?
I DIDN'T SAY... BUT THE NAME'S... ER...

... HART? YEAH... JIM HART!
HEY, POP, HERE COMES UNCLE VANCE!

FRED, I HEARD IN TOWN THAT YOU'D LOST THE REST OF YOUR HERD! IT'S A... SAY, WHO IS THIS HOMBRE?
JUST A DRIFTIN' STRANGER, VANCE! JIM HART, THIS IS MY BROTHER, VANCE!

WE DON'T LIKE STRANGERS HEREABOUTS--MY ADVICE TO YOU IS TO KEEP RIGHT ON DRIFTIN', HART!
I DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO ADVICE, MISTER!

THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, FRED, IS THAT YOU'RE TOO TRUSTIN' AN' EASY... THAT'S WHY YOU'VE BEEN RUSTLED TILL YOU'RE PENNILESS!
FRED, HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHO'S BEEN STEALIN' YOUR BEEF?

NO! IT CAN'T BE ANY OF THE OTHER RANCHERS IN THESE PARTS... THEY'RE ALL GOOD MEN AND LIFELONG FRIENDS! NONE OF US WOULD TOUCH EACH OTHER'S STOCK! IT MUST BE AN OUTLAW BAND OF RUSTLERS WHO DRIVE THE CATTLE OUT THROUGH SOME SECRET ROUTE!
GEE, MAYBE IT'S KID COLT WHO DID IT! BOY, WHAT A LIFE HE MUST LEAD... PLENTY OF ACTION AND FUN!

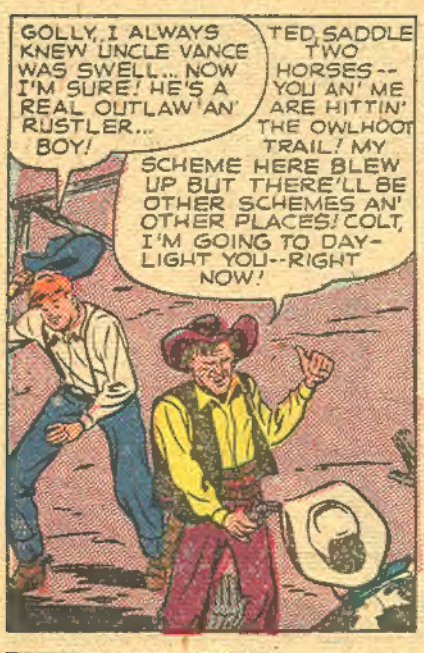
IT DON'T PAY TO BE HONEST AN' LAW-ABIDIN'! LOOK AT YOURSELF, FRED... YOU'VE WORKED LIKE A DOG TO MAKE THIS SPREAD PAY AN' NOW YOU'RE GOIN' TO LOSE IT ANYHOW!
STOP THAT TALK IN FRONT OF TED! HE'S WILD ENOUGH AS IT IS!

SON, YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG IDEA ABOUT OUTLAWS! THEIR LIFE ISN'T FILLED WITH FUN... IT'S FILLED WITH FEAR, HUNGER AND RESTLESSNESS... THE ALERTNESS THAT THEY MUST ALWAYS HAVE BURNS THEM OUT... THEY BECOME OLD BEFORE THEIR TIME! THE GOOD THINGS OF THE PAST THEY CAN NEVER RETURN TO, AND THE FUTURE HOLDS NOTHING BUT A ROPE!
AW, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT? YOU'D THINK YOU WERE KID COLT TO HEAR YOU TALK! OUTLAWS ARE BRAVE AN' FEARLESS AN' CAN LICK ANY ORDINARY MAN--LIKE YOU!
LISTEN, IF I RECOVER YOUR DAD'S CATTLE AN' PROVE THAT THESE OUTLAWS CAN BE LICKED... WILL YOU SETTLE DOWN AN' HELP OUT ON THE RANCH?
SURE, IT'S A DEAL... 'CAUSE YOU KNOW WHY? 'CAUSE YOU COULDN'T FIND THOSE CATTLE AN' 'CAUSE ANY OUTLAW COULD BEAT YOU AT ANYTHING!
OKAY, REMEMBER OUR BARGAIN TED!
I DON'T SEE HOW...?
LET HIM TRY, DAD... SOMEHOW I'VE GOT FAITH IN HIM! HE STRIKES ME AS BEIN' SOMETHIN' SPECIAL!
THANKS FOR YOUR CONFIDENCE, MA'AM... I'LL DO MY BEST TO LIVE UP TO IT! ADIOS!
AND SO A BARGAIN IS MADE AND AN ADVENTURE IS BORN!
MAYBE I DID BITE OFF MORE THAN I CAN CHEW! I HAVEN'T EVEN GOT A SPOT TO START FROM... I'LL HAVE TO DO SOME TALL FIGGERIN'!
THIS PLACE IS SURROUNDED BY MOUNTAINS SO I FIGGER NO BAND OF RUSTLERS WOULD BE DRIVING THOSE CATTLE OVER THE MOUNTAINS... 'CAUSE BY THE TIME THEY GET OVER, THEY'D LOSE SO MUCH WEIGHT, THEY'D BE WORTHLESS! IT AIN'T PRACTICAL!
THAT MEANS THE CATTLE MUST BE HID OUT SOMEWHERE CLOSE BY! I CAME IN FROM THE NORTH AN' DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING, AN' TO THE EAST AN' WEST THERE'S TRAVEL ROADS! THAT LEAVES THE SOUTH SIDE AS THE LOGICAL PLACE TO LOOK!
ALL THROUGH THE HOT, DUSTY DAY, THE KID SEARCHES THE SOUTH WALL... INTO EVERY CANYON AND GULLY, EVERY BRUSH-BORDERED VALLEY AND LAKE!
THEY'VE GOT TO BE HERE SOME PLACE, UNLESS I FIGGERED ALL WRONG! IT WOULD HAVE TO BE IN A HIDDEN PLACE, WHERE THERE'S GRASS AN' WATER! I'M JUST ABOUT BEAT! I'LL TRY THIS LAST GULLY AN'...

LOOKS LIKE I FOUND THEM--AN' SOMEBODY FOUND ME! HOP IT FOR THE BRUSH, STEEL!
CRACK!
BUT THE BRUSH IS TOO FAR AND KID COLT FEARS FOR THE SAFETY OF HIS GALLANT MOUNT!
THEY'LL TURN THEIR FIRE ON STEEL TO KEEP ME FROM GAININ' THE BRUSH! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO...THE NEXT SHOT THEY FIRE, I'LL... THERE IT IS!
CRACK!
DING!
WE GOT 'IM, BOYLE! PLUCKED 'IM RIGHT OFF THAT FINE-LOOKING HOSS OF HIS!
THE TWO HARDCASES APPROACH THE PRONE FIGURE, ALERT, NERVOUS; AS MEN WHO LIVE BY THE GUN MUST ALWAYS BE!
WATCH IT, BOYLE, HE MAY BE PLAYIN' POSSUM!
WHEN WE GIT A LITTLE CLOSER, WE'LL RIDDLE 'IM TO MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T LIVE TO TELL 'BOUT WHAT HE FOUND HERE!
TEN FEET FROM THE STRETCHED-OUT FIGURE, BOTH MEN RAISE THEIR GUNS TO POUR IN A FUSILLADE...AND STILL THE KID DOES NOT MOVE!
HA! HA! THIS'S THE KIND O' SHOOTIN' I LIKE--WITH NOTHIN' COMIN' BACK AT YA! WATCH ME PLUG 'IM BETWEEN HIS SHOULDER BLADES!
THEIR GRIMY FINGERS TIGHTEN ON THE HAIR TRIGGERS! THEN SUDDENLY THEIR VICTIM EXPLODES INTO LASHING, FLAMING ACTION!
WHAT THE...? HE'S... ARRGGHHHH!
YOU BACK-SHOOTIN' SNAKES!
DON'T SHOOT, MISTER! LOOK, I'M THROWIN' AWAY MY GUNS... YOU WOULDN'T SHOOT AN' UNARMED MAN, WOULD YUH?
NO, BUT YOU'RE NOT A MAN, YOU'RE A YELLER SKUNK! NOW TALK -- IF YOU WANT TO LIVE! WHERE'S FRED BALLOT'S BEEF?
IN THERE, MISTER, THROUGH THAT CLEFT! THERE'S A NATURAL VALLEY THAT OPENS UP YONDER!
AS KID COLT LOOKS TOWARD THE CLEFT THAT HIDES THE ENTRANCE TO THE VALLEY, THE TREACHEROUS KILLER SNEAKS A KNIFE FROM HIS HIDING PLACE!
5

YOU SNAKE! I EXPECTED A BUSHWHACKIN' TRICK LIKE THAT FROM YOU... YOU'LL NEVER DEAL FROM THE BOTTOM AGAIN
THERE MUST BE MORE OF THOSE VARMINTS INSIDE... AN' THEY'LL HAVE ITCHY TRIGGER FINGERS AFTER HEARIN' ALL THIS SHOOTIN' OUT HERE!
THE KID COMES TO THE EDGE OF THE CLEFT AND THERE BEFORE HIM STRETCHES A LUSH, HIDDEN VALLEY FILLED WITH CATTLE BEARING THE FB BRAND!
BUCKIN' FLAPJACKS! A HIDDEN VALLEY... AND THERE'S FRED BALLOT'S RUSTLED STOCK!
THEY'VE SIGHTED ME AN' THEY'RE HOLED UP WHERE I CAN'T GET 'EM... COME NIGHT THEY CAN SNEAK DOWN HERE AN' SHOOT ME OR DRIVE ME OUT! GUESS I'VE ONLY ONE THING TO DO -- PLAY IT BOLD!
WITH THE RECKLESS DARING THAT HAS MADE HIS NAME A BYWORD THROUGHOUT THE WEST, KID COLT STEPS OUT INTO THE OPEN!
HOLD YOUR LEAD, MEN, I'M KID COLT!
KID COLT! WELL, I'LL BE...
WE WASN'T EXPECTIN' SUCH FAMOUS COMPANY, KID! WHATCHA DOIN' IN THIS NECK O' THE WOODS?
I CAME TO GET FRED BALLOT'S CATTLE FOR HIM! THE ONLY WAY TO STOP ME IS WITH LEAD! MY GUNS ARE LEATHERED -- LET'S GET AT IT!
WHAT? WHY, YOU SNEAKIN' OUTLAW... WE'LL GIVE YOU A HERD... OF LEAD! BLAST 'IM, BOYS!
6

IN A SPLIT SECOND, GUN THUNDER SMASHES AGAINST THE VALLEY WALLS AS KID COLT PITS HIS GUN SKILL AGAINST THE LONG ODDS AND THE PRACTICED HANDS OF THE FOUR KILLERS!
IN A MOMENT THE BATTLE IS OVER, AND THE KID STANDS, MIRACULOUSLY UNTOUCHED BY THE SHRIEKING LEAD WHICH HAD BEEN FLYING AROUND HIM!
GUN TALK IS MY LINGO--GLAD YOU BOYS DECIDED TO TALK IT OVER THIS WAY!
YOU'RE CASHIN' IN, HOMBRE...TELL ME, WHO WAS YOUR LEADER...AN' WHY DID YOU PICK ON ONLY FRED BALLOT?
WE WAS HIRED TO... BRING THEM HERE TO HIDDEN VALLEY...OUR LEADER ISN'T... ISN'T... HE... IS...AHHRRRR!
DEAD BEFORE HE COULD TELL ME! WELL, ANYWAY, I GOT THE CATTLE! NOW TO HERD THEM OUT OF HERE AN' BACK TO BALLOT'S RANCH!
AS EVENING ONCE AGAIN SENDS ITS SHADOWS ACROSS THE LAND, THE BALLOT FAMILY SEE A WELCOME SIGHT!
I FOUND YOUR HERD, FOLKS--HOPE THEY'RE ALL THERE!
YOU MUST'VE BEEN IN ON THIS, MISTER, OR ELSE HOW COULD YOU, A STRANGER IN THESE PARTS, HAVE FOUND HIDDEN VALLEY AN' THE CATTLE?
THAT'S WHERE I FOUND THEM ALL RIGHT... IN HIDDEN VALLEY, BUT... I NEVER MENTIONED THAT...ONLY ONE MAN LEFT ALIVE WOULD KNOW ABOUT THE VALLEY... AN' THAT WOULD BE THE LEADER OF THE RUSTLERS! ...YOU, VANCE BALLOT!
YES, ME! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED THIS RANCH BECAUSE IT CONTROLS THE WATER IN THESE PARTS! IF I HAD IT I COULD DAM THE RIVER, AN' DRIVE THE OTHER CATTLEMEN OUT AN' BUY THEIR RANCHES FOR NEXT TO NOTHING! I KNEW FRED WOULDN'T GO FOR MY SCHEME, SO I RUSTLED HIS CATTLE TO BREAK HIM...THEN I'D BUY THE MORTGAGE, CHEAP!
7


GOLLY, I ALWAYS KNEW UNCLE VANCE WAS SWELL... NOW I'M SURE! HE'S A REAL OUTLAW 'AN' RUSTLER... BOY!
TED, SADDLE TWO HORSES -- YOU AN' ME ARE HITTIN' THE OWLHOOT TRAIL! MY SCHEME HERE BLEW UP BUT THERE'LL BE OTHER SCHEMES AN' OTHER PLACES! COLT, I'M GOING TO DAY-LIGHT YOU--RIGHT NOW!

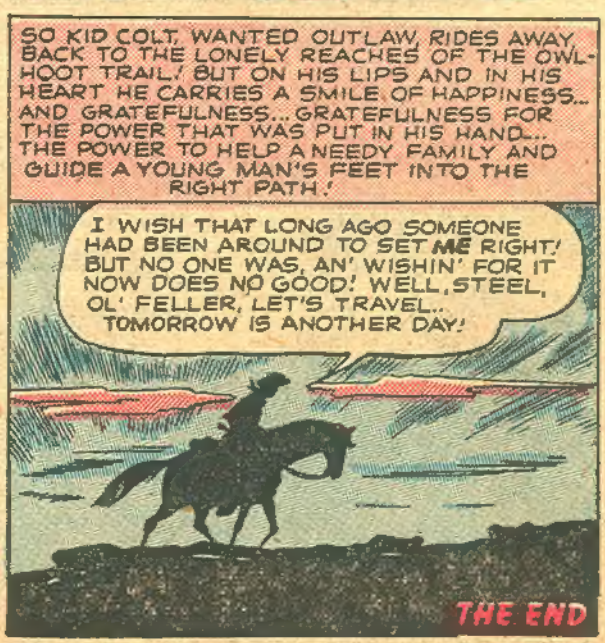
YOU DON'T MIND IF I OBJECT...DO YOU, SKUNK?
SOCK!

THEN, AS KID COLT'S EYES BURN WITH FURY AND CONTEMPT, HE PROCEEDS TO METHODICALLY BEAT THE DEPRAVED VANCE!
SO YOU'D STEAL FROM YOUR OWN BROTHER... SEE HIM AND HIS KIDS LOSE EVERYTHING AN' STARVE...
CRACK!

...AND YOU'D TRY TO TURN YOUR OWN NEPHEW AWAY FROM THE CLEAN AN' HONEST PATH... INTO THE DIRTY ROTTEN ROAD YOU TRAVEL! KILLIN'S TOO GOOD FOR A SKUNK OF YOUR STRIPE!
DON'T HIT ME AGAIN!

THERE'S YOUR OUTLAW LEADER, SON, WHININ' LIKE A YELLER CUR... THE REST OF HIS GANG ARE ROTTING IN THEIR OWN BLOOD! THESE ARE THE OUTLAWS YOU THINK ARE SO GREAT! THEY'RE ALL ALIKE--KID COLT AND ALL THE REST OF THEM! IT'S THE ORDINARY MEN WHO ARE THE ONES TO LOOK UP TO... THE MEN LIKE YOUR DAD AND YOU... AND ME!
YOU'RE RIGHT, MISTER! YOU'VE SHOWED ME!...WE MADE A BARGAIN AN' I'LL BE GLAD FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE TO STICK TO IT!

I'LL BE RIDIN' ON NOW! ADIOS, AN' LUCK FROM NOW ON IN!
WE'LL NEVER FORGET YOU-- NEVER!
ME NEITHER! SOMEDAY, WHEN I'M OLDER, I HOPE TO BE A MAN LIKE YOU... A REAL CLEAN HE-MAN!
8


SO KID COLT, WANTED OUTLAW, RIDES AWAY, BACK TO THE LONELY REACHES OF THE OWL-HOOT TRAIL! BUT ON HIS LIPS AND IN HIS HEART HE CARRIES A SMILE OF HAPPINESS... AND GRATEFULNESS... GRATEFULNESS FOR THE POWER THAT WAS PUT IN HIS HAND... THE POWER TO HELP A NEEDY FAMILY AND GUIDE A YOUNG MAN'S FEET INTO THE RIGHT PATH!
I WISH THAT LONG AGO SOMEONE HAD BEEN AROUND TO SET ME RIGHT! BUT NO ONE WAS, AN' WISHIN' FOR IT NOW DOES NO GOOD! WELL, STEEL, OL' FELLER, LET'S TRAVEL... TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY!
THE END

HURRY UP, SLOW-POKE!
HAW! AS AN ICE SKATER, PUD MAKES A GOOD POND PLOW!
STAND BY FOR CRASH LANDING
DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM IS WHAT I NEED!
WOW! A DOUBLE FIGURE "8"! PUD'S GOOD!
YUM-YUM
-AN' FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE IS PLENTY GOOD TOO!
BIGGER'N BETTER BUBBLES-
PRICE- A PENNY A PIECE-
AN' THE SQUARE WRAP KEEPS THE FUNNIES FLAT--
1¢
FRANK H. FLEER CORP.
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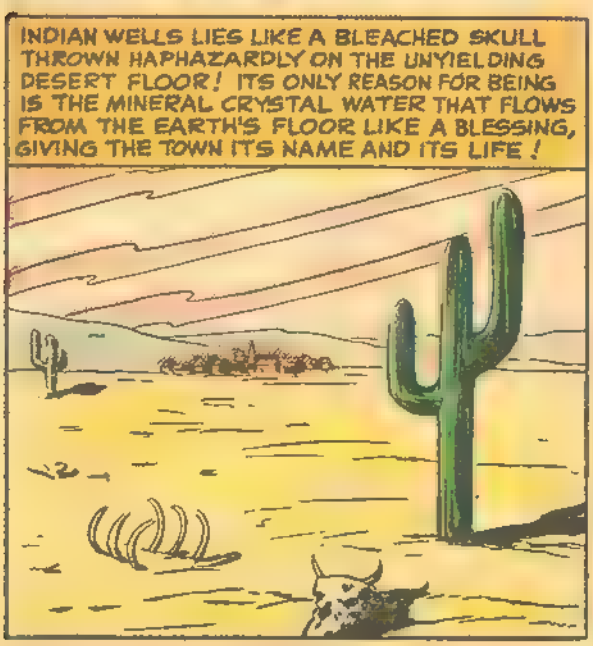
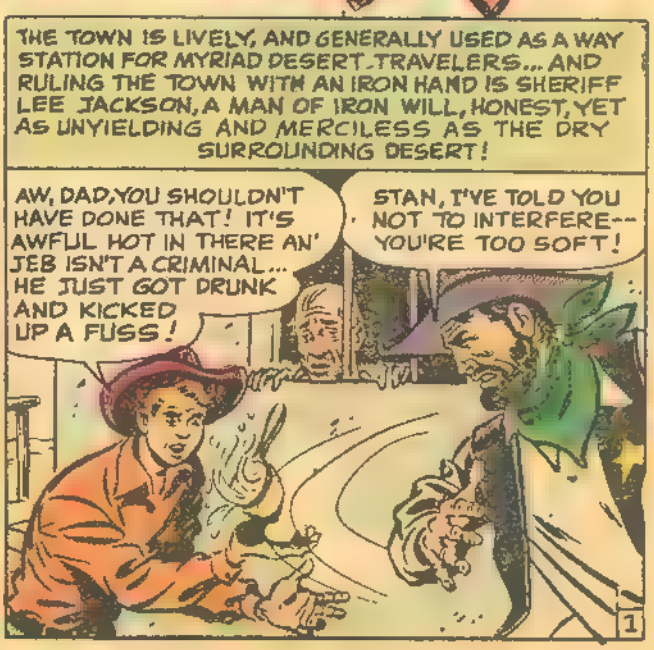
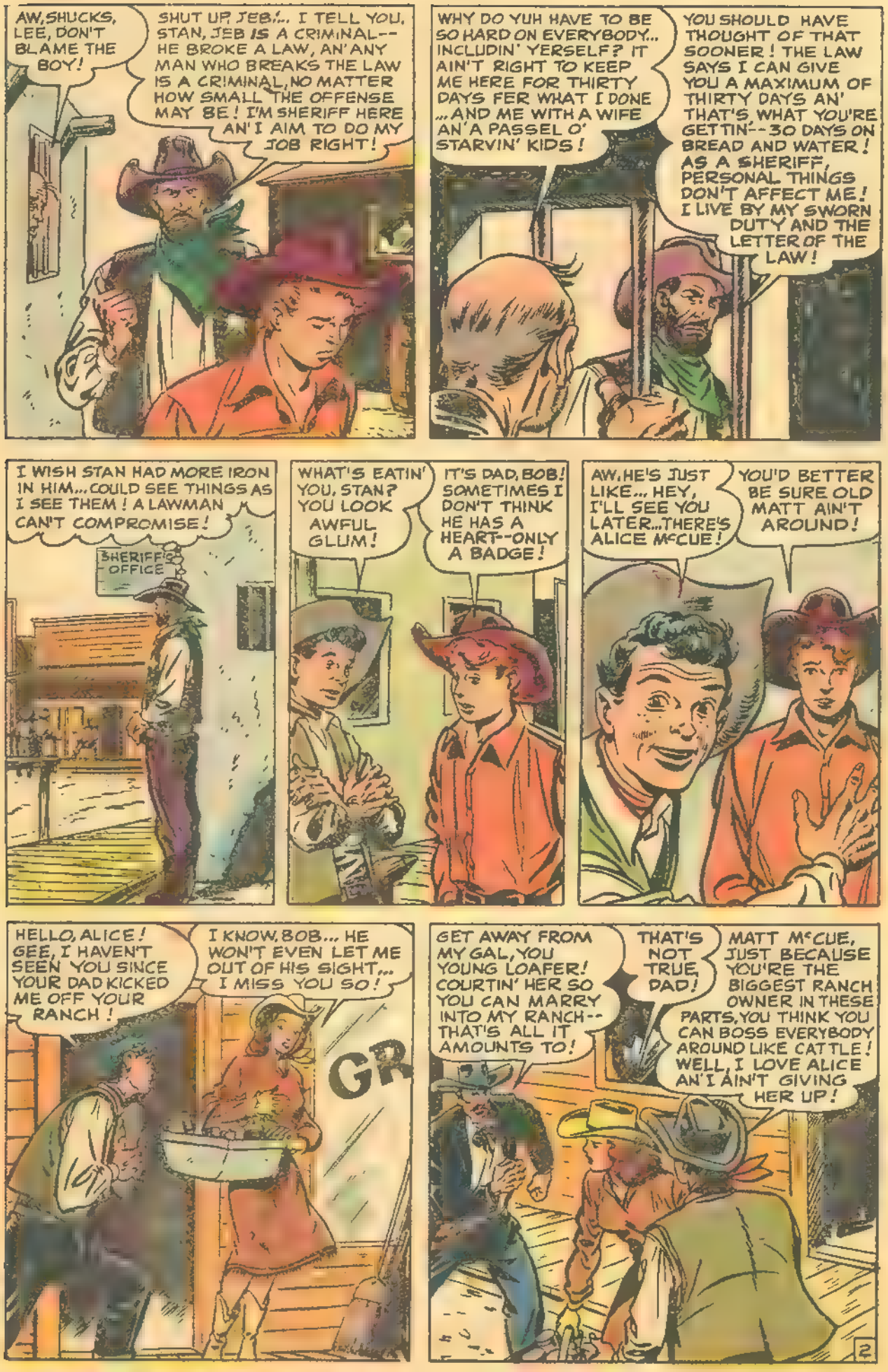
THE GREATEST GUYS IN THE WORLD!
THE MARINES' FINEST HOUR
Featuring the Three living survivors of the Historic Flag Raising on Mount Suribachi
The lusty, gusty saga of the guys who fought best when it was hopeless... and who laughed most when it was toughest!
SANDS OF IWO JIMA
starring
JOHN WAYNE
A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Ad No. 1001

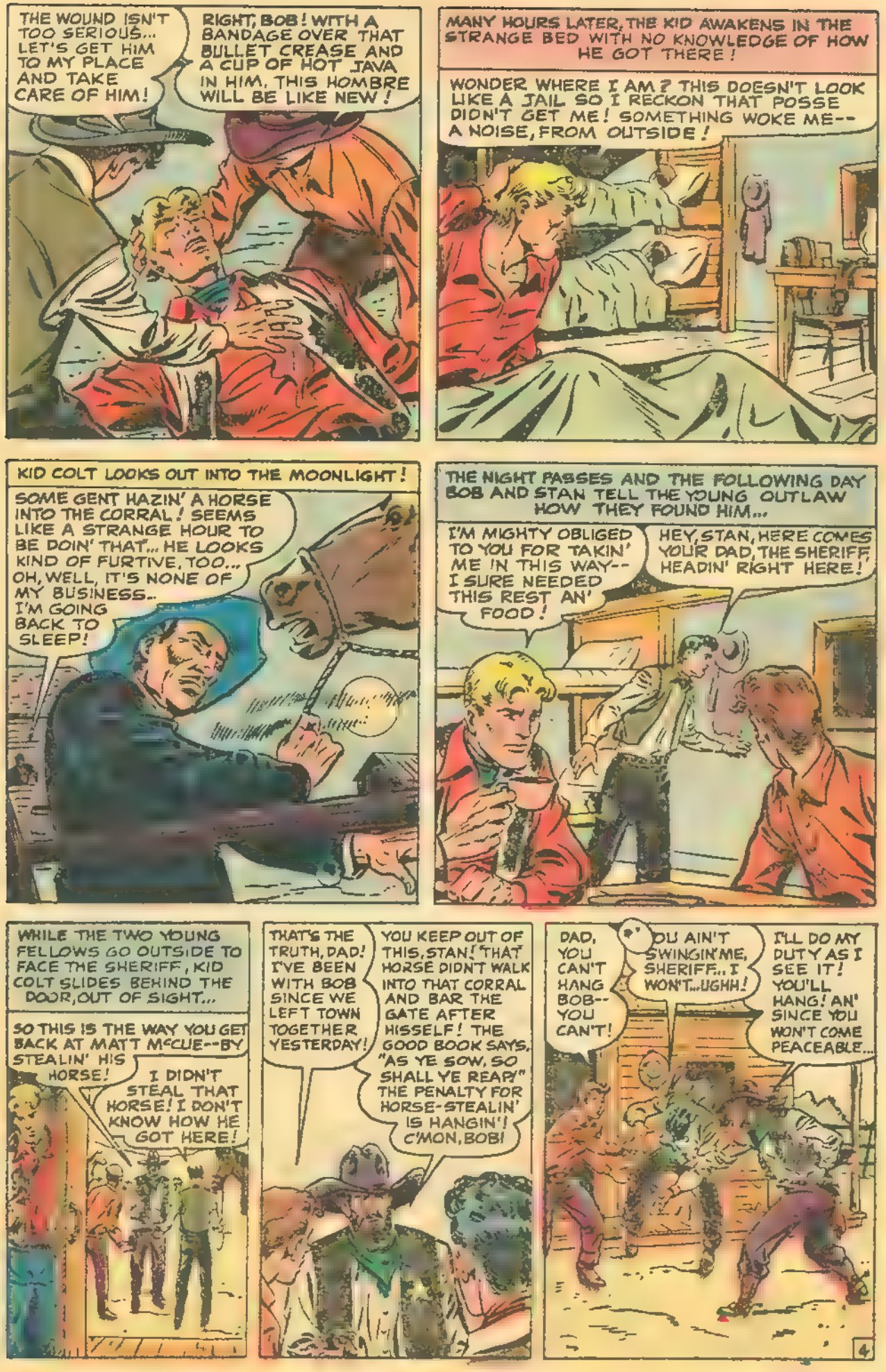
KID COLT
STRING 'IM UP! HE STOLE A HOSS AN' IT'S MY SWORN DUTY TO SEE THAT HE HANGS! THAT'S THE LAW... AN' I LIVE BY THE LAW!
YES, IT'S THE LAW ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF JACKSON... BUT IS IT JUSTICE? IF YOU HANG THAT BOY... IT'S ALSO YOUR DUTY TO HANG YOUR OWN SON!
"THE MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD!"
7355


INDIAN WELLS LIES LIKE A BLEACHED SKULL THROWN HAPHAZARDLY ON THE UNYIELDING DESERT FLOOR! ITS ONLY REASON FOR BEING IS THE MINERAL CRYSTAL WATER THAT FLOWS FROM THE EARTH'S FLOOR LIKE A BLESSING, GIVING THE TOWN ITS NAME AND ITS LIFE!


THE TOWN IS LIVELY, AND GENERALLY USED AS A WAY STATION FOR MYRIAD DESERT TRAVELERS... AND RULING THE TOWN WITH AN IRON HAND IS SHERIFF LEE JACKSON, A MAN OF IRON WILL, HONEST, YET AS UNYIELDING AND MERCILESS AS THE DRY SURROUNDING DESERT!
AW, DAD, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT! IT'S AWFUL HOT IN THERE AN' JEB ISN'T A CRIMINAL... HE JUST GOT DRUNK AND KICKED UP A FUSS!
STAN, I'VE TOLD YOU NOT TO INTERFERE--- YOU'RE TOO SOFT!
1

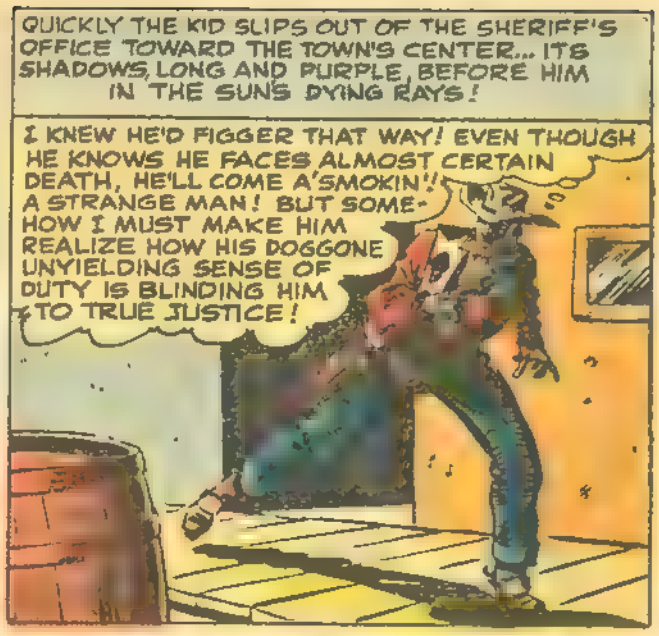

AW, SHUCKS, LEE, DON'T BLAME THE BOY!
SHUT UP, JEB!... I TELL YOU, STAN, JEB IS A CRIMINAL--HE BROKE A LAW, AN' ANY MAN WHO BREAKS THE LAW IS A CRIMINAL, NO MATTER HOW SMALL THE OFFENSE MAY BE! I'M SHERIFF HERE AN' I AIM TO DO MY JOB RIGHT!
WHY DO YUH HAVE TO BE SO HARD ON EVERYBODY... INCLUDIN' YERSELF? IT AIN'T RIGHT TO KEEP ME HERE FOR THIRTY DAYS FER WHAT I DONE ...AND ME WITH A WIFE AN' A PASSEL O' STARVIN' KIDS!
YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT SOONER! THE LAW SAYS I CAN GIVE YOU A MAXIMUM OF THIRTY DAYS AN' THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE GETTIN'--30 DAYS ON BREAD AND WATER! AS A SHERIFF, PERSONAL THINGS DON'T AFFECT ME! I LIVE BY MY SWORN DUTY AND THE LETTER OF THE LAW!
I WISH STAN HAD MORE IRON IN HIM... COULD SEE THINGS AS I SEE THEM! A LAWMAN CAN'T COMPROMISE!
SHERIFF'S OFFICE
WHAT'S EATIN' YOU, STAN? YOU LOOK AWFUL GLUM!
IT'S DAD, BOB! SOMETIMES I DON'T THINK HE HAS A HEART--ONLY A BADGE!
AW, HE'S JUST LIKE... HEY, I'LL SEE YOU LATER... THERE'S ALICE McCUE!
YOU'D BETTER BE SURE OLD MATT AIN'T AROUND!
HELLO, ALICE! GEE, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE YOUR DAD KICKED ME OFF YOUR RANCH!
I KNOW, BOB... HE WON'T EVEN LET ME OUT OF HIS SIGHT... I MISS YOU SO!
GET AWAY FROM MY GAL, YOU YOUNG LOAFER! COURTIN' HER SO YOU CAN MARRY INTO MY RANCH--THAT'S ALL IT AMOUNTS TO!
THAT'S NOT TRUE, DAD!
MATT McCUE, JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE THE BIGGEST RANCH OWNER IN THESE PARTS, YOU THINK YOU CAN BOSS EVERYBODY AROUND LIKE CATTLE! WELL, I LOVE ALICE AN' I AIN'T GIVING HER UP!
2

WHY, YOU YOUNG SNAKE! I OUGHTA HORSEWHIP YUH--AN' I WILL IF I EVER CATCH YUH NEAR ME OR MINE AGAIN!
HERE, HERE, WHAT'S ALL THE RUMPUS ABOUT?
C'MON, BOB... I'LL RIDE BACK WITH YOU!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT, McCUE... YOU'LL PAY!
YUH HEARD HIM, SHERIFF... HE THREATENED ME! YOU'RE A WITNESS!
THAT MAN THINKS HE CAN RUN EVERYBODY! HE'S LIKE...
YEAH, I KNOW... HE'S LIKE MY DAD! TWO OF A KIND... 'CEPT DAD THINKS IT'S HIS DUTY BUT MATT ACTS THAT WAY OUT OF PURE HIGH-HANDED CUSSEDNESS!
MEANWHILE, WHERE THE MOUNTAINS REACH DOWN FROM THE TREE-GLOOM TO THE DESERT SUN, NOT FAR FROM INDIAN WELLS, AN EVENT IS TAKING PLACE WHICH IS TO SHAPE THE DESTINIES OF ALL THESE PEOPLE!
DID YOU SEE WHERE HE WENT? I'M SURE I GOT HIM WITH MY LAST SHOT!
I RECKON HE DOUBLED BACK! HE'S A SMART ONE, THAT KID COLT!
HE DIDN'T GET THAT OWLHOOT REP FER NOTHIN'!
WITH A GRATEFUL, WEARY SMILE THE WOUNDED OUTLAW WATCHES THE POSSE DEPART...
THEY'VE GONE, STEEL, OL' FELLER! I... I'VE LOST CONSIDERABLE BLOOD... RECKON WE'D BETTER HEAD OUT FOR THE FLATLANDS NEAR THE TOWN AN' HOLE UP!
EVERYTHING'S GETTIN' BLACK! NO GLEEP... FOR THREE DAYS... WOUNDED...
A HALF-HOUR OF DARKNESS PASSES BEFORE THE TWO RIDERS SPOT THE WOUNDED MAN...
LOOKS LIKE THE HOMBRE GOT BUSH-WHACKED!
YEAH... A STRANGER, TOO! I NEVER SAW HIM AROUND BEFORE!
3


THE WOUND ISN'T TOO SERIOUS... LET'S GET HIM TO MY PLACE AND TAKE CARE OF HIM!
RIGHT, BOB! WITH A BANDAGE OVER THAT BULLET CREASE AND A CUP OF HOT JAVA IN HIM, THIS HOMBRE WILL BE LIKE NEW!
MANY HOURS LATER, THE KID AWAKENS IN THE STRANGE BED WITH NO KNOWLEDGE OF HOW HE GOT THERE!
WONDER WHERE I AM? THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A JAIL SO I RECKON THAT POSSE DIDN'T GET ME! SOMETHING WOKE ME-- A NOISE, FROM OUTSIDE!
KID COLT LOOKS OUT INTO THE MOONLIGHT!
SOME GENT HAZIN' A HORSE INTO THE CORRAL! SEEMS LIKE A STRANGE HOUR TO BE DOIN' THAT... HE LOOKS KIND OF FURTIVE, TOO... OH, WELL, IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS.. I'M GOING BACK TO SLEEP!
THE NIGHT PASSES AND THE FOLLOWING DAY BOB AND STAN TELL THE YOUNG OUTLAW HOW THEY FOUND HIM...
I'M MIGHTY OBLIGED TO YOU FOR TAKIN' ME IN THIS WAY-- I SURE NEEDED THIS REST AN' FOOD!
HEY, STAN, HERE COMES YOUR DAD, THE SHERIFF, HEADIN' RIGHT HERE!
WHILE THE TWO YOUNG FELLOWS GO OUTSIDE TO FACE THE SHERIFF, KID COLT SLIDES BEHIND THE DOOR, OUT OF SIGHT...
SO THIS IS THE WAY YOU GET BACK AT MATT McCUE--BY STEALIN' HIS HORSE!
I DIDN'T STEAL THAT HORSE! I DON'T KNOW HOW HE GOT HERE!
THAT'S THE TRUTH, DAD! I'VE BEEN WITH BOB SINCE WE LEFT TOWN TOGETHER YESTERDAY!
YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS, STAN! THAT HORSE DIDN'T WALK INTO THAT CORRAL AND BAR THE GATE AFTER HISSELF! THE GOOD BOOK SAYS, "AS YE SOW, SO SHALL YE REAP!" THE PENALTY FOR HORSE-STEALIN' IS HANGIN'! C'MON, BOB!
DAD, YOU CAN'T HANG BOB-- YOU CAN'T!
OU AIN'T SWINGIN' ME, SHERIFF.. I WON'T...UGHH!
I'LL DO MY DUTY AS I SEE IT! YOU'LL HANG! AN' SINCE YOU WON'T COME PEACEABLE...
4

THE STERN LAWMAN RIDES AWAY WITH THE SEMICONSCIOUS BOB TIED TO THE SADDLE...
I'LL BET MATT McCUE FRAMED THIS HIMSELF, TO KEEP BOB FROM EVER SEEIN' HIS DAUGHTER AGAIN... AND KNOWIN' THAT DAD WOULD HANG BOB... KNOWIN' HOW RUTHLESS DAD IS IN THE DISCHARGE OF WHAT HE THINKS IS HIS DUTY!
YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME GET BOB OUT OF THIS!
YEAH, I RECKON I OWE HIM THAT MUCH!
KID COLT AND STAN TRAVEL TOWARD INDIAN WELLS IN THE SHERIFF'S WAKE!
I HOPE THE REWARD POSTERS FOR ME HAVEN'T GOTTEN TO THIS TOWN! IF THEY HAVE I'LL JUST HAVE TO SHOOT MY WAY OUT... I'VE GOT TO HELP BOB...
SHERIFF, I SAW A GENT WHO ANSWERS THE DESCRIPTION OF MATT McCUE SNEAK IN AN' PUT THAT HORSE IN BOB'S CORRAL LAST NIGHT!
DAD, YOU CAN'T HANG BOB NOW!
I TOLD YOU TO KEEP OUT OF THIS, STAN... MATT'S A BIG MAN IN TOWN AND THE WORD OF A STRANGER AGAINST HIS AIN'T WORTH A THING! IT'S MY DUTY TO HANG BOB!
OH, NO YOU'RE NOT, DAD-- I'M NOT GOIN' TO LET YOU! I'M TAKIN' THESE KEYS AND TURNIN' BOB LOOSE!
DON'T BE A FOOL, SON! YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY... I'LL HAVE A POSSE ON YOUR TRAIL FIVE MINUTES AFTER YOU LEAVE!
C'MON, BOB... LET'S RIDE! IF WE CAN KEEP YOU FREE FOR A FEW DAYS MAYBE WE CAN PROVE YOUR INNOCENCE! STAY BACK, DAD... I AIM TO SEE THAT BOB GETS A CHANCE!
I'M WALKIN' OVER AN' I'M TAKIN' THAT GUN AWAY FROM YOU, STAN! YOU WOULDN'T SHOOT YOUR OWN DAD!
MAYBE *HE* WOULDN'T BUT I WILL! STAND BACK, SHERIFF!
YOU TOO, HUH? ALL RIGHT... I'LL GET THEM AN' THEN I'M COMIN' BACK TO GET YOU, MISTER!
STUDYING THE ARROGANT, PURPOSEFUL MAN, KID COLT KNOWS THAT THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP HIM FROM IMMEDIATELY TAKING THE TRAIL AND RECAPTURING BOB... BUT THE DELAY HE PLANS MAY WELL MEAN DISASTER TO HIMSELF!
YOU CAN'T HOLD ME UP ALL DAY, MISTER! I'LL GET THEM-- IT'S MY DUTY!
YEAH, YOU'RE A MAN WHO NEVER LET'S ANYTHING STAND IN THE WAY OF HIS DUTY! BUT BOB IS SMALL FRY, SHERIFF! *I'M KID COLT*, AN' I'M GOIN' TO STAY IN TOWN AND I DEFY YOU TO COME OUT AND GET ME!
5

COME AND GET ME, SHERIFF-- IF YOU DARE!
KID COLT, HEY? YOU MAY BE THE FASTEST GUNMAN IN THE WEST, BUT, I'M COMIN' AFTER YOU, KID... IT'S MY DUTY!

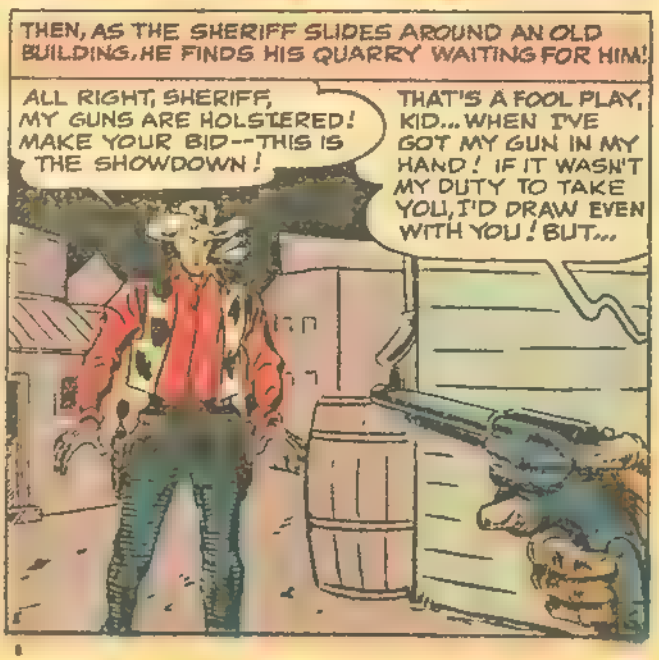

QUICKLY THE KID SLIPS OUT OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE TOWARD THE TOWN'S CENTER... ITS SHADOWS, LONG AND PURPLE, BEFORE HIM IN THE SUNS DYING RAYS!
I KNEW HE'D FIGGER THAT WAY! EVEN THOUGH HE KNOWS HE FACES ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH, HE'LL COME A'SMOKIN'! A STRANGE MAN! BUT SOMEHOW I MUST MAKE HIM REALIZE HOW HIS DOGGONE UNYIELDING SENSE OF DUTY IS BLINDING HIM TO TRUE JUSTICE!

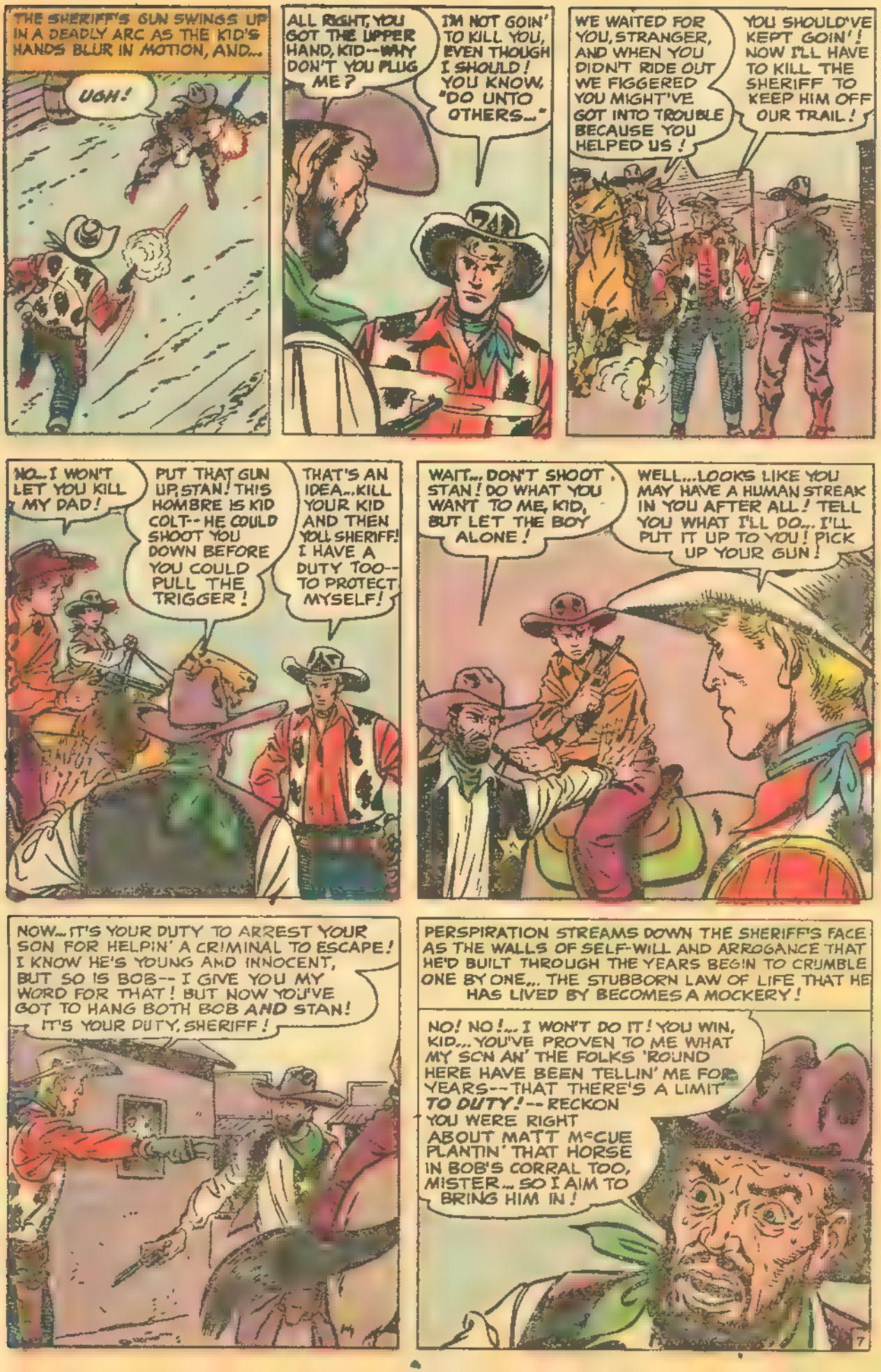
THE WORD SPEEDS THROUGH TOWN... AND BY SUNDOWN THE STREETS ARE DESERTED OF ALL BUT THE TWO STALKING MEN...LAWMAN AND OUTLAW!
YEAH, THEY'RE OUT TO GET EACH OTHER-- BETTER GET UNDER COVER LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE!
THERE'S KID COLT NOW! I'D HATE TO BE IN LEE JACKSON'S SHOES!

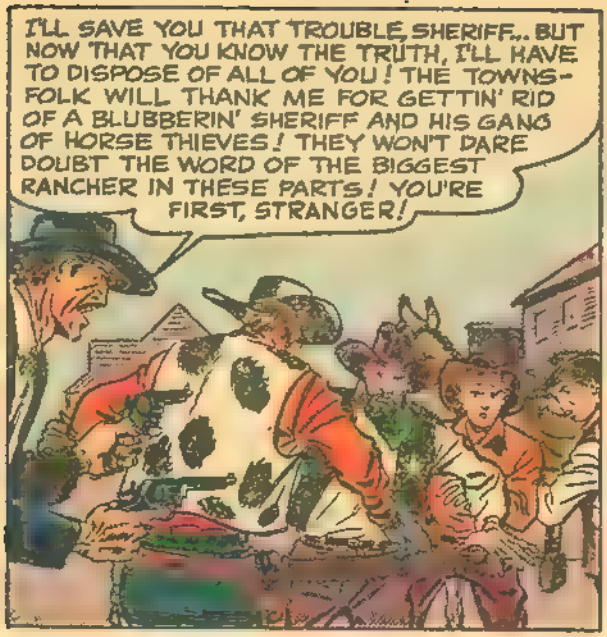
GRIMLY THE TWO MEN PLAY THEIR GAME OF DEATH ...KID COLT ATTEMPTING TO DRAW IT OUT AS LONG AS POSSIBLE TO GIVE BOB GET-AWAY TIME...AND THE SHERIFF, A HEARTLESS LAW-AND-ORDER MACHINE, CARRYING OUT HIS SWORN DUTY!
SALOON

THIS SHOULD KEEP HIM COMIN'! I'LL HAVE TO WATCH THAT NONE OF THESE TOWNSMEN GET BRAVE AND TRY TO POT-SHOT ME FOR THE REWARD!

NIGHT COMES ON AND STILL THE TWO MEN GRIMLY STALK EACH OTHER AS THE SKEIN OF DEATH RAPIDLY UNRAVELS TOWARD ITS CLIMAX!
I'M AT THE EDGE OF TOWN NOW.. RECKON BOB GOT AWAY, AN' THIS IS A GOOD TIME AND PLACE TO FINISH THIS!


THEN, AS THE SHERIFF SLIDES AROUND AN OLD BUILDING, HE FINDS HIS QUARRY WAITING FOR HIM!
ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF, MY GUNS ARE HOLSTERED! MAKE YOUR BID--THIS IS THE SHOWDOWN!
THAT'S A FOOL PLAY, KID... WHEN I'VE GOT MY GUN IN MY HAND! IF IT WASN'T MY DUTY TO TAKE YOU, I'D DRAW EVEN WITH YOU! BUT...

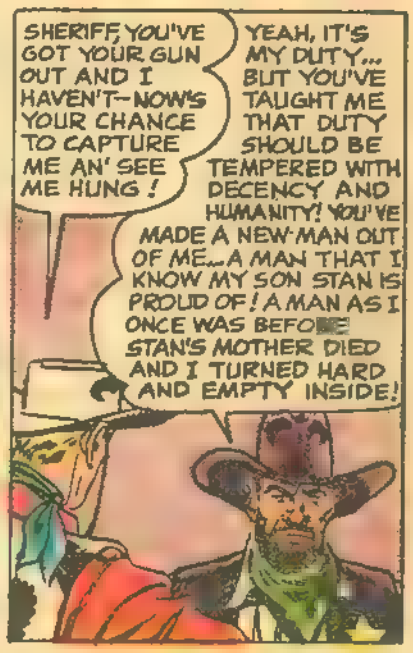

THE SHERIFF'S GUN SWINGS UP IN A DEADLY ARC AS THE KID'S HANDS BLUR IN MOTION, AND...
UGH!
ALL RIGHT, YOU GOT THE UPPER HAND, KID--WHY DON'T YOU PLUG ME?
I'M NOT GOIN' TO KILL YOU, EVEN THOUGH I SHOULD! YOU KNOW, "DO UNTO OTHERS..."
WE WAITED FOR YOU, STRANGER, AND WHEN YOU DIDN'T RIDE OUT WE FIGGERED YOU MIGHT'VE GOT INTO TROUBLE BECAUSE YOU HELPED US!
YOU SHOULD'VE KEPT GOIN'! NOW I'LL HAVE TO KILL THE SHERIFF TO KEEP HIM OFF OUR TRAIL!
NO... I WON'T LET YOU KILL MY DAD!
PUT THAT GUN UP, STAN! THIS HOMBRE IS KID COLT--HE COULD SHOOT YOU DOWN BEFORE YOU COULD PULL THE TRIGGER!
THAT'S AN IDEA...KILL YOUR KID AND THEN YOU'LL SHERIFF! I HAVE A DUTY TOO--TO PROTECT MYSELF!
WAIT... DON'T SHOOT STAN! DO WHAT YOU WANT TO ME, KID, BUT LET THE BOY ALONE!
WELL...LOOKS LIKE YOU MAY HAVE A HUMAN STREAK IN YOU AFTER ALL! TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO... I'LL PUT IT UP TO YOU! PICK UP YOUR GUN!
NOW... IT'S YOUR DUTY TO ARREST YOUR SON FOR HELPIN' A CRIMINAL TO ESCAPE! I KNOW HE'S YOUNG AND INNOCENT, BUT SO IS BOB--I GIVE YOU MY WORD FOR THAT! BUT NOW YOU'VE GOT TO HANG BOTH BOB AND STAN!
IT'S YOUR DUTY, SHERIFF!
PERSPIRATION STREAMS DOWN THE SHERIFF'S FACE AS THE WALLS OF SELF-WILL AND ARROGANCE THAT HE'D BUILT THROUGH THE YEARS BEGIN TO CRUMBLE ONE BY ONE... THE STUBBORN LAW OF LIFE THAT HE HAS LIVED BY BECOMES A MOCKERY!
NO! NO!... I WON'T DO IT! YOU WIN, KID... YOU'VE PROVEN TO ME WHAT MY SON AN' THE FOLKS 'ROUND HERE HAVE BEEN TELLIN' ME FOR YEARS--THAT THERE'S A LIMIT TO DUTY!--RECKON YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT MATT McCUE PLANTIN' THAT HORSE IN BOB'S CORRAL TOO, MISTER... SO I AIM TO BRING HIM IN!
7


I'LL SAVE YOU THAT TROUBLE, SHERIFF... BUT NOW THAT YOU KNOW THE TRUTH, I'LL HAVE TO DISPOSE OF ALL OF YOU! THE TOWNSFOLK WILL THANK ME FOR GETTIN' RID OF A BLUBBERIN' SHERIFF AND HIS GANG OF HORSE THIEVES! THEY WON'T DARE DOUBT THE WORD OF THE BIGGEST RANCHER IN THESE PARTS! YOU'RE FIRST, STRANGER!

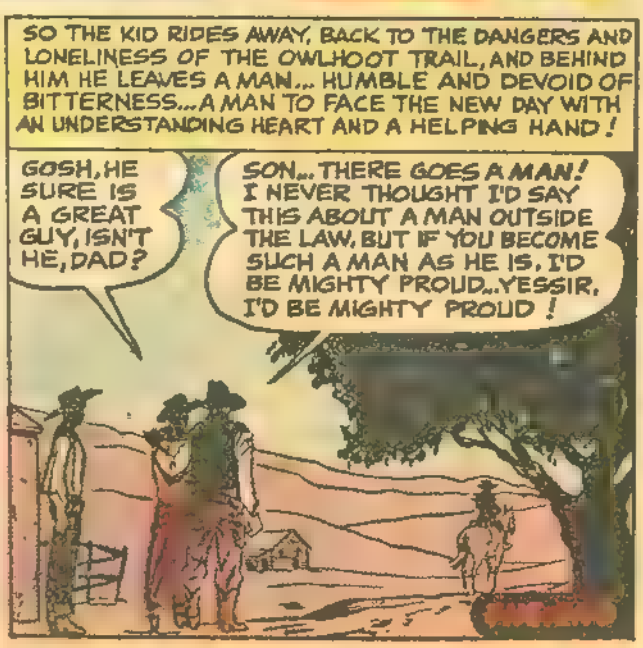
YOU SHOULD'VE SHOT OFF YOUR GUN INSTEAD OF YOUR MOUTH!

NICE SHOOTIN', SHERIFF!
ARRRGHHH!

YOU REALLY DID YOUR DUTY THAT TIME, SHERIFF! MATT McCUE WAS NO GOOD!
WHEN I LOOK DOWN AT HIM, IT'S LIKE LOOKIN' INTO A MIRROR--SEEIN' MYSELF AS I WAS IN ALL MY PRIDE AND FOOLISH ARROGANCE!


SHERIFF, YOU'VE GOT YOUR GUN OUT AND I HAVEN'T--NOW'S YOUR CHANCE TO CAPTURE ME AN' SEE ME HUNG!
YEAH, IT'S MY DUTY... BUT YOU'VE TAUGHT ME THAT DUTY SHOULD BE TEMPERED WITH DECENCY AND HUMANITY! YOU'VE MADE A NEW MAN OUT OF ME... A MAN THAT I KNOW MY SON STAN IS PROUD OF! A MAN AS I ONCE WAS BEFORE STAN'S MOTHER DIED AND I TURNED HARD AND EMPTY INSIDE!

I'M ETERNALLY GRATEFUL TO YOU, STRANGER! AN' I'M GONNA START MIXIN' A LITTLE O' THAT JUSTICE AND DECENCY WITH DUTY RIGHT NOW, KID... BY LETTIN' YOU RIDE OUT OF TOWN A FREE MAN... AN' MAY LUCK BE WITH YOU WHEREVER YOU RIDE, BOY!
ADIOS, KID, AND... THANKS!
I THINK INDIAN WELLS'LL BE PROUD TO HAVE A SHERIFF LIKE YOU, JACKSON! ADIOS!
FROM ME TOO, AMIGO!


SO THE KID RIDES AWAY, BACK TO THE DANGERS AND LONELINESS OF THE OWLHOOT TRAIL, AND BEHIND HIM HE LEAVES A MAN... HUMBLE AND DEVOID OF BITTERNESS... A MAN TO FACE THE NEW DAY WITH AN UNDERSTANDING HEART AND A HELPING HAND!
GOSH, HE SURE IS A GREAT GUY, ISN'T HE, DAD?
SON... THERE GOES A MAN! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY THIS ABOUT A MAN OUTSIDE THE LAW, BUT IF YOU BECOME SUCH A MAN AS HE IS, I'D BE MIGHTY PROUD... YESSIR, I'D BE MIGHTY PROUD!

GUNSHOT TRAIL

THE bullets beat a steady refrain against the still evening air announcing that Bull Judson was back in Tombstone.

All the decent, clean-living folks retired to their homes. No one had any business on the streets when Bull Judson was on the loose. It wasn't safe to be around the Bull, because you might get into an argument—and in an argument, the Bull would always outdraw you.

Now, Bull came loping up the street on Murder, his coal-black steed, firing into the air a warning that life in Tombstone wasn't going to be safe as long as Bull stayed there.

Out of the Sheriff's office came Roy Bellows, his silver star gleaming in the moonlight. He had been warned by Tucson that Bull was headed for Tombstone, and now he was serving his warning.

"Bull Judson, just keep on ridin' right out of this town. You're bad news to any town, and I ain't hankerin' to have you upset Tombstone," Roy said.

"I'll go when I feels like it, Sheriff. Meantime, don't fret. I'm not raisin' any rumpus 'less some of you folks start it."

"I'm watching you, then, Bull. Soon as I get a charge against you, I'm slapping you into the local poke, and you'll stay there as long as the law allows."

"Just tell the citizens here, Sheriff, that they better not put a hand near their pistols. I don't want no fussin' either."

"I hope I can believe you, Bull."

That ended the verbal duel between Bull and Sheriff Bellows, but Roy Bellows instructed his deputies not to let Bull out of their sights as long as he stayed in Tombstone.

There were murmurs of protest at the Gold Dollar Saloon that night.

"Why didn't the Sheriff arrest him right away?" asked one man.

"What kind of a yellow Sheriff we got?" his companion complained.

"Our families ain't safe with the Bull here!" another chimed in.

Most of the crowd understood, however, that a law enforcing a man like Roy Bellows couldn't arrest Bull without a charge, and he couldn't run him out of a town as wide open as Tombstone, because the Bull would simply sneak back in if he wanted, and then there might really be serious trouble.

Bull stayed in town a few days before there was any excitement. He strutted along the main street, twirling his six-shooters, and making nasty cracks under his breath about the men being yellow. Bull seemed to steam, because he couldn't goad anyone into a fight. Most of the town had heard Roy give Bull his orders, and they didn't want to start anything that the Bull might be able to finish his own way.

A couple days later, the Bull turned suddenly on one of his walks through town and sauntered into the branch of the State Bank. His timing was perfect. *There* was Lem Ayers, the biggest rancher in the area, walking away from the window with a bag of money to pay off his hired hands for the month. Lem was an easy target for Bull who knocked him out with a sharp left hand and grabbed the money. Murder, his well trained horse, was standing right outside the bank. Bull mounted, and with guns blazing, he rode away, money and all, leaving three dead bodies behind.

The two deputies who were following him, mounted their steeds. They started a furious chase, firing at the fleeing figure of Bull, crouched in the saddle, and occasionally turning to fire back at his pursuers. It was tough shooting, because Bull made a mighty small target. The deputies weren't able to stop him, although one shot took Bull's hat off his head.

The deputies rode quickly, back to the office of Roy Bellows. Roy was assembling a posse to take off down the shortcut to Eagle Pass, to try to catch up with Bull Judson.

Roy spoke to the boys before they began their search for Bull.

"Pete, you take three men and head down along the south trail. If you see any sign of Bull, wherever you are, fire three shots fast in the air, and we'll come. Al, you come with me on the north trail through Eagle Pass, and we surely should be able to cut him off, unless that horse of his flies. But look out, all of you—he may have friends out there, waiting for him. It might be lots more than just one man we have to get."

"And," he continued, "there's a five thousand dollar reward just been posted for his capture, dead or alive! That, plus the everlasting thanks of the plain people of Tombstone, will go to the man who gets Bull Judson."

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT STORY...

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City ..... Zone .....

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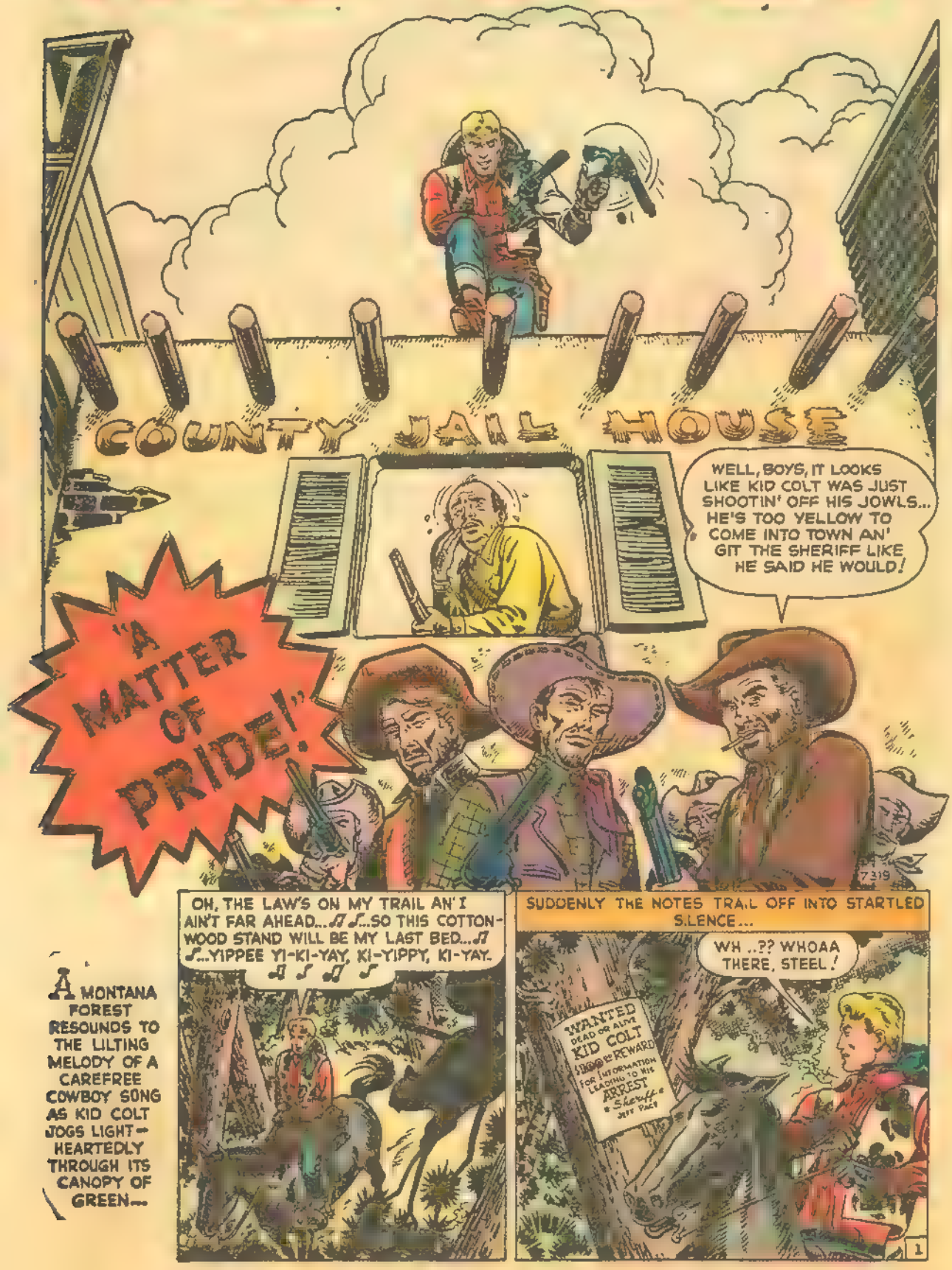
KID COLT


COUNTY JAIL HOUSE
WELL, BOYS, IT LOOKS LIKE KID COLT WAS JUST SHOOTIN' OFF HIS JOWLS... HE'S TOO YELLOW TO COME INTO TOWN AN' GIT THE SHERIFF LIKE HE SAID HE WOULD!
"A MATTER OF PRIDE!"
7319
A MONTANA FOREST RESOUNDS TO THE LILTING MELODY OF A CAREFREE COWBOY SONG AS KID COLT JOGS LIGHT-HEARTEDLY THROUGH ITS CANOPY OF GREEN...
OH, THE LAW'S ON MY TRAIL AN' I AIN'T FAR AHEAD... ♫ ♪...SO THIS COTTONWOOD STAND WILL BE MY LAST BED... ♫ ♪...YIPPEE YI-KI-YAY, KI-YIPPY, KI-YAY. ♫ ♪ ♫ ♪
SUDDENLY THE NOTES TRAIL OFF INTO STARTLED S.LENCE...
WH..?? WHOAA THERE, STEEL!
WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE KID COLT $1000 REWARD FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO HIS ARREST Sheriff
1

A TWIN DANGEROUS SMILE CREASES THE SADDLE-LEATHER COUNTENANCE, CHANGING IT INTO A GRANITE MASK OF RIGIDITY!

SO THE SHERIFF WANTS ME--DEAD OR ALIVE--HUH, STEEL? AN' HE'S OFFERIN' A HUNDRED SILVER CARTWHEELS FOR MY CARCASS! I THINK WE OUGHT TO HAVE A PALAVER WITH THAT LAWMAN!

WANTED
DEAD OR ALIVE
KID COLT
$100.00 REWARD
FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO HIS ARREST
Sheriff
JEFF PACE
LAST CHANCE CITY

SKIRTING THE FOREST, MAN AND HORSE MOUNT A BLUFF AND STRIKE A MOTIONLESS POSE OVERLOOKING LAST CHANCE CITY...

THERE'S THE TOWN, STEEL! I AIM TO SEND SHERIFF PACE DUE NOTICE THAT WE'RE COMIN' IN AFTER HIM! WE GOT SOME SCHOOL WORK TO DO WITH A PAPER AN' PENCIL.'

KID COLT RIPS OFF ONE OF THE POSTERS DEMANDING HIS ARREST AND SCRAWLS A MESSAGE ACROSS THE TOP TO THE SHERIFF OF LAST CHANCE CITY...

RECKON THIS NOTE'LL RILE 'EM UP LIKE A NEST OF YELLOWJACKS! NOW WE'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY OF DELIVERIN' IT TO HIM!

DEAR SHERIFF CLEAN YOUR SIX-GUN AND CHECK YOUR ROUNDS! I'M COMIN' IN AFTER YOU BEFORE SUNDOWN!
KID COLT

HERE COMES SOME OF THE SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES! MEBBE THEY'LL BE KIND ENOUGH TO DELIVER THIS MESSAGE!

KID WORKS QUICKLY WHILE THE SWEATING, CURSING DEPUTIES ROLL A HUGE BOULDER OFF THE ROAD...

THIS GOL' DURNED ROCK WASN'T HERE WHEN WE LEFT TOWN--IT SHORE DIDN'T GIT HERE BY ITSELF!

NAW! IT JEST AIN'T NATCHEREL! MEBBE SOME CONSARNED KIDS PUT IT HERE JEST FER DEVILMENT!

THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH! I RECKON LAST CHANCE CITY'LL BE AN ARMED CAMP BY THE TIME I DEC DE TO GO IN. I'LL GIVE 'EM JUST ENOUGH TIME TO STEW AN' FUSS, AND THEN...

BACK IN TOWN, THE TWO DEPUTIES DISMOUNT, AND AS THEY ST/ .T TYING UP THEIR HORSES...

WAL, I'LL BE...HEY, YE CALFBRAINED IDJITS! C'MON BACK HYAR AN' SEE WHAT'S DRAGGIN' BEHIND YOU!

WH...?? WHAT'S HEATIN' YORE BRAND, RASKIN?

THAT'S KID COLT'S WRITIN' FER SURE! WHEN HE USES A PENCIL INSTEAD OF A SIX-GUN, HE SHORE MEANS BUSINESS!

RECKON WE'D BETTER CALL SHERIFF PACE?

WAL, DON'T STAND THAR LIKE A HERD O' MOONSTRUCK DOG ES! DOUBLE THE GUARDS AN' DEPUTIZE EVERY MAN WHO CAN FEATHER A GEN HAMMER! I WANT THIS TOWN RINGED WITH DEPUTIES IN FIVE MINUTES!
PANIC GR PS THE TOWN AS TW.NKLING EYES WATCH FROM A NEARBY ROOF-TOP...
GOOD! JUST AS I F GURED! PLENTY OF CONFUSION WILL MAKE MY JOB EAS.ER ..TREMBLING HANDS ARE MIGHTY POOR TRIGGER-SQUEEZERS!
I HOPE THE SHERIFF HAD SENSE ENOUGH TO LOCK HIMSELF UP 'N HIS OFF CE WHERE WE CAN PALAVER IN PRIVATE!
THAT ROOF-DUSTIN OUTLAW AIN'T CA.CHIN ME BY SURPR SE THAR AIN'T NO BACK DOOR AN I GOT THE FRONT DOOR AN' W NDOWS LOCKED GUARDED AND BOLTED, I COULD STAND OFF AN ARMY FROM HERE!
DROPPING CATLIKE THROUGH THE SKY-LIGHT, KID COLT STALKS H S PREY PLAYFULLY..
FREEZE, SHERIFF! MOVE GENTLE-LIKE AND TALK QUIET OR THIS THING'S LIKELY TO GO OFF AN' MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP OF ANYTHIN' RATTLIN' IN YORE HEAD!
KID COLT! I'M FROZE, K.O.! TAKE THAT B'G-CAL.BER GUN AWAY FROM MY NECK!
A BROOM HANDLE! WHY, I'LL
NOW THAT'S A DOWN-RIGHT FOOL SH THING TO DO, SHER FF! PUT THAT DUST COLLECTIN' GUN AWAY AN BEHAVE! YOU AN ME'S GOT SER OUS BUS NESS TO TEND TO, OUT IN THE PINE TIMBERS!
NOW LISTEN CLOSE, SHERIFF PACE! CALL IN THOSE QUIVERIN' DEPUTIES OF YOURS! I'M GOIN' TO HIDE MYSELF IN THIS ROOM TILL THEY'RE ALL HERE--AN' IF ONE HAND REACHES FOR IRON IT'LL BE HIS LAST REACH!
I'LL CALL 'EM, KID!
FIVE QUIVERING MINUTES LATER...
BOYS, I, ER I'VE CALLED YOU ALL HERE..ER BECAUSE .
WE AIN'T GOT TIME FOR ROUNDSIDIN' IN THIS OFF.CE, SHERIFF LEASTWAYS W.TH THAT KILLER COLT LOOSE AN' MAKIN' THREATS! SPEAK YORE PIECE!

I'LL SPEAK HIS PIECE FOR HIM! THE SHERIFF AND I HAVE BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO! STACK YORE GUNS ON THE FLOOR AND START STRIPPIN' DOWN TO BUNK-HOUSE SHORTS! C'MON, STRIP!
I DON'T AIM TO HAVE A POSSE FOLLOWIN' ME WHEN I LEAVE AN' I KNOW FOR SURE YOU BOYS WOULDN'T COME ON THE STREET IN THOSE PAYDAY CHAPS! NOW MIX THEM BOOTS AND CHAPS UP IN A HEAP ON THE FLOOR!
THAT'S FINE! SAY ADIOS TO YORE SHERIFF, BOYS--IT MAY BE A LONG TIME BEFORE YOU SEE HIM AGAIN!
YOU CAN'T...DO THIS TO ME, KID! I'M A LAW-ABIDIN', PEACE-LOVIN' MAN! WHAT'RE YOU AIMIN' TO DO WITH ME?
A SHARP WHISTLE BRINGS A FLURRY OF STEEL-SHOD HOOFS AND IN THE NEXT SECOND KID COLT THUNDERS OFF WITH HIS QUARRY!
HE'S GONNA ROPE THE SHERIFF TO A TREE! LET'S GO AFTER HIM!
MEBBE SO, BUT I DON'T AIM TO FOLLER 'EM IN THIS INJUN OUTFIT! WHO'S GOT MY PANTS?
HALF AN HOUR LATER THE KID DUMPS THE SHERIFF UNCEREMONIOUSLY TO THE PINE-COVERED GROUND IN THE FOREST...
YORE NAME'S ON THAT SIGN, SHERIFF! I DON'T BRUSH THE LAW UNLESS I HAVE TO! WHO SET THAT PRICE ON MY HEAD?
I DID, BUT DON'T LET IT CHILL YORE BELLY, KID! JEST LET ME LOOSE AN' DON'T STRING ME UP--I'LL CALL IN EVERY SIGN THE BOYS TACKED UP, HONEST I WILL!
(GULP!) YOU MEAN...YOU WANT IT CHANGED TO A THOUSAND DOLLAR REWARD? WHY, SHORE--SHORE THING, KID! I'LL MAKE IT FIVE THOUSAND!
YOU'LL DO NOTHIN' OF THE SORT, SHERIFF! YOU'RE GOIN' TO PUT UP A HUNDRED MORE LIKE IT, BUT THIS TIME CHANGE THAT HUNDRED INTO A THOUSAND! DEAD OR ALIVE, I'M WORTH MORE'N JUST A HUNDRED!
AND ONCE AGAIN THE FOREST RESOUNDS TO KID COLT'S PLAINTIVE COWBOY LAMENT...
♫ OH, THE LAW'S ON MY TRAIL AN' I AIN'T FAR AHEAD...♫♪♫...SO THIS COTTONWOOD STAND WILL BE MY LAST BED...SINGIN' YIPPEE KI-YAY, KI-YIPPY, ♫ ♪ KI-YAY... ♫
WAL, I'LL BE DURNED! JEST A MATTER OF PRIDE--AND ONE ZERO!
WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE KID COLT $1000 REWARD FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO HIS ARREST
THE END
4

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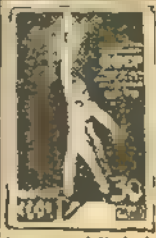

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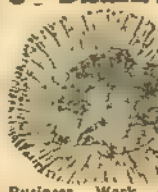

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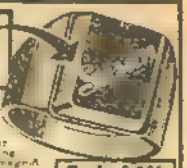

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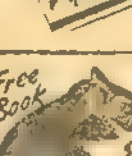

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Off they rode. Roy and Al went down the north trail, through the pass, and out again into the open prairie. Past miles of sage and cactus, always on the alert for an ambush behind each rock, and always listening for the signal of three shots from Pete.

But no shots came.

"It'll be tough taking him if it's us two alone, Al," shouted the Sheriff.

"It'll be tougher living here with Bull Judson still on the loose," he answered.

Suddenly Roy reined in his horse. Al stopped too and stared curiously at Roy. Roy pointed toward the next hill. Not far from where they were three horses were approaching, their hoofs beating rapidly against the dry sand of the desert.

"There they are, Al. Three of them. We're outnumbered, but we've got to try," Roy said.

"How about signaling Pete?" Al asked.

"Can't do it. That'll tip off Bull. No, we'll have to do it alone."

Roy and Al chased their horses into the brush, and each one lay down on the ground behind huge rocks on opposite sides of the pass. They silently awaited Bull and his party to approach.

When Bull was close enough, Roy leaned out from behind his rock and called to him. "Bull, we've got you covered!" he shouted. "Put up your hands or we'll shoot!"

Roy couldn't see Bull because of the uneven lay of the ground, but he knew that Bull had heard him by the heavy silence and intensity in the air. Bull's answer was a gunshot in Roy's direction which served as a signal for Al to fire. One of Bull's flankers fell from his horse and the other grabbed at his shoulder. Roy followed Al's fire, and in a moment Bull and the wounded man were on the ground behind a knoll where they couldn't be hit.

"We've got you covered and outnumbered, Bull!" Roy tried to bluff. "Give yourself up!"

"Never! You can't hit us any better than we can aim at you!" he shouted.

"So what are you going to do? Starve to death waiting?" Roy asked.

"I'll make a break and soon, wise guy."

As he talked Roy could hear the faint sound of hoof beats. Pete and the others! Now he had to keep Bull so busy that he wouldn't be able to hear the sounds.

Roy fired three shots in quick succession, right over Bull's shelter. Immediately, the hoofs beats came in their direction. Then, as loudly as he could, he shouted taunts at Bull, daring him to come out and fight. He offered to start with him with a clean draw, anything that came into Roy's mind, anything to keep Bull from hearing those hoofs coming closer—always closer.

Suddenly, Bull roared. "Hoofs. There are others after us!"

Bull and his wounded companion started to run. Roy had only one cartridge left, and he knew it had to pay off. Al fired first, and the wounded man fell. Then, with a cool hand, Roy leveled at the running figure of Bull Judson.

A whip-like crack cut the air. The screech of a bullet. And on the ground, writhing, lay Bull Judson. Al and Roy broke for him, and with the arrival of Pete's men, Bull looked up, and said, "Guess you won the draw this time. Happy times with the five thousand."

And Bull stopped his writhing . . . and died.

THE END SL—5704

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

of Kid Colt Outlaw published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1949

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert Solomon, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Kid Colt Outlaw and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are. Publisher, Leading Comic Corp., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N Y, Editor, Stan Lee, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N Y., Managing Editor, Martin Goodman. 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N Y, Business Manager, Robert Solomon, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)
None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is .... (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) ROBERT SOLOMON

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of September, 1949.

(SEAL) GRACE TARULLI
(My commission expires March 30, 1950.)

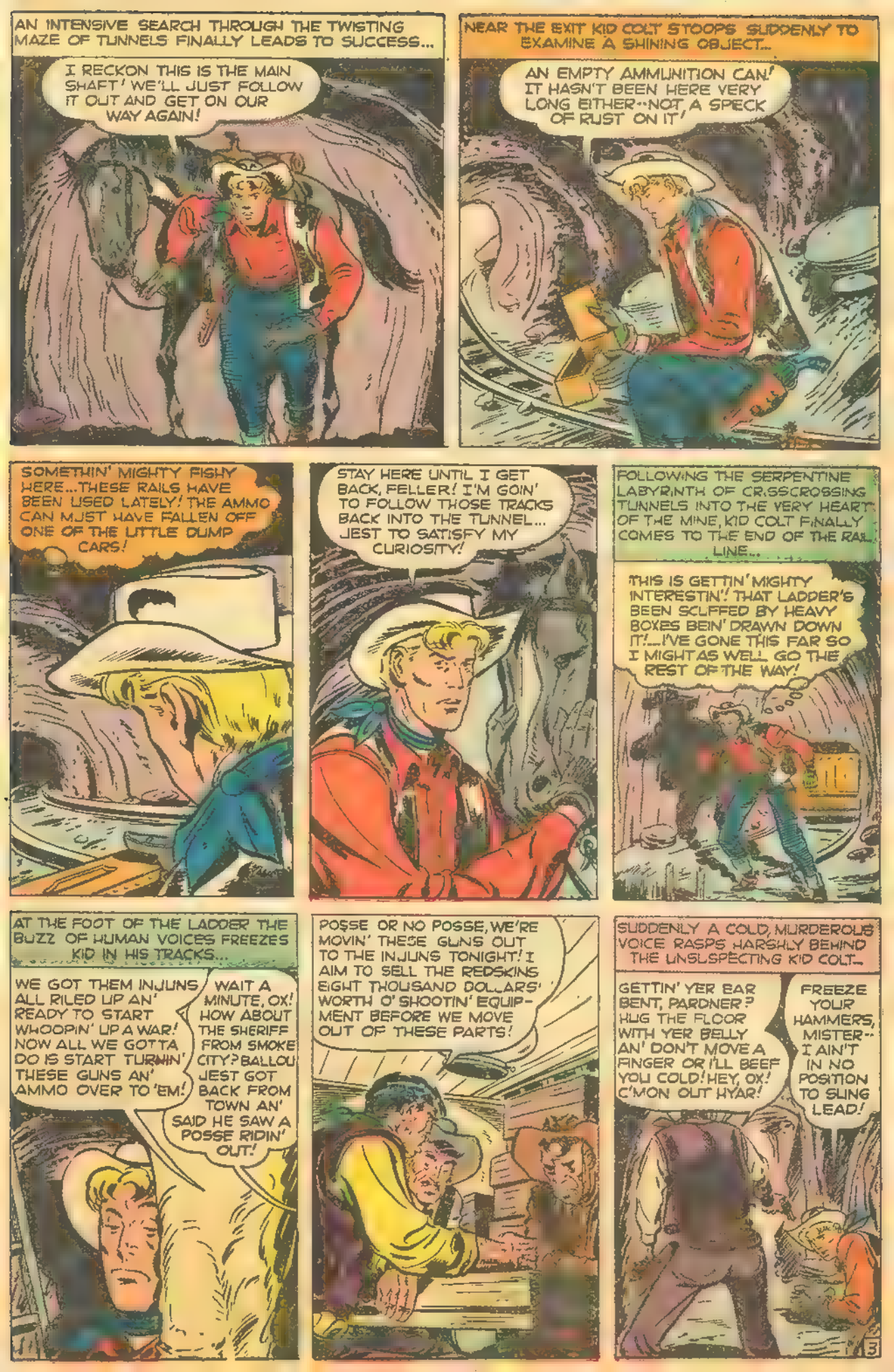
KID COLT

HERE I AM, KID! YOU'VE FOUND "THE OX" AT LAST! BUT ONLY ONE OF US WILL LEAVE THIS MINE ALIVE--AND IT WON'T BE YOU!
"SECRET OF THE HIDDEN MINE!"

THE TELLTALE FINGERS OF A PALE MOON GROPE BETWEEN THE SIGHING BOUGHS OF A HUGE SPRUCE AND DANCE EERILY ON THE SLEEPING FORM OF A HUNTER NAMED

SENSING DANGER IN THE VELVETY NIGHT, THE LOYAL HORSE GENTLY NUZZLES HIS MASTER'S FACE...AND KID COLT STIRS.
SHHH! OKAY, STEEL. THANKS A LOT! RECKON THEY'VE PICKED UP OUR TRAIL AGAIN, EH, FELLER?

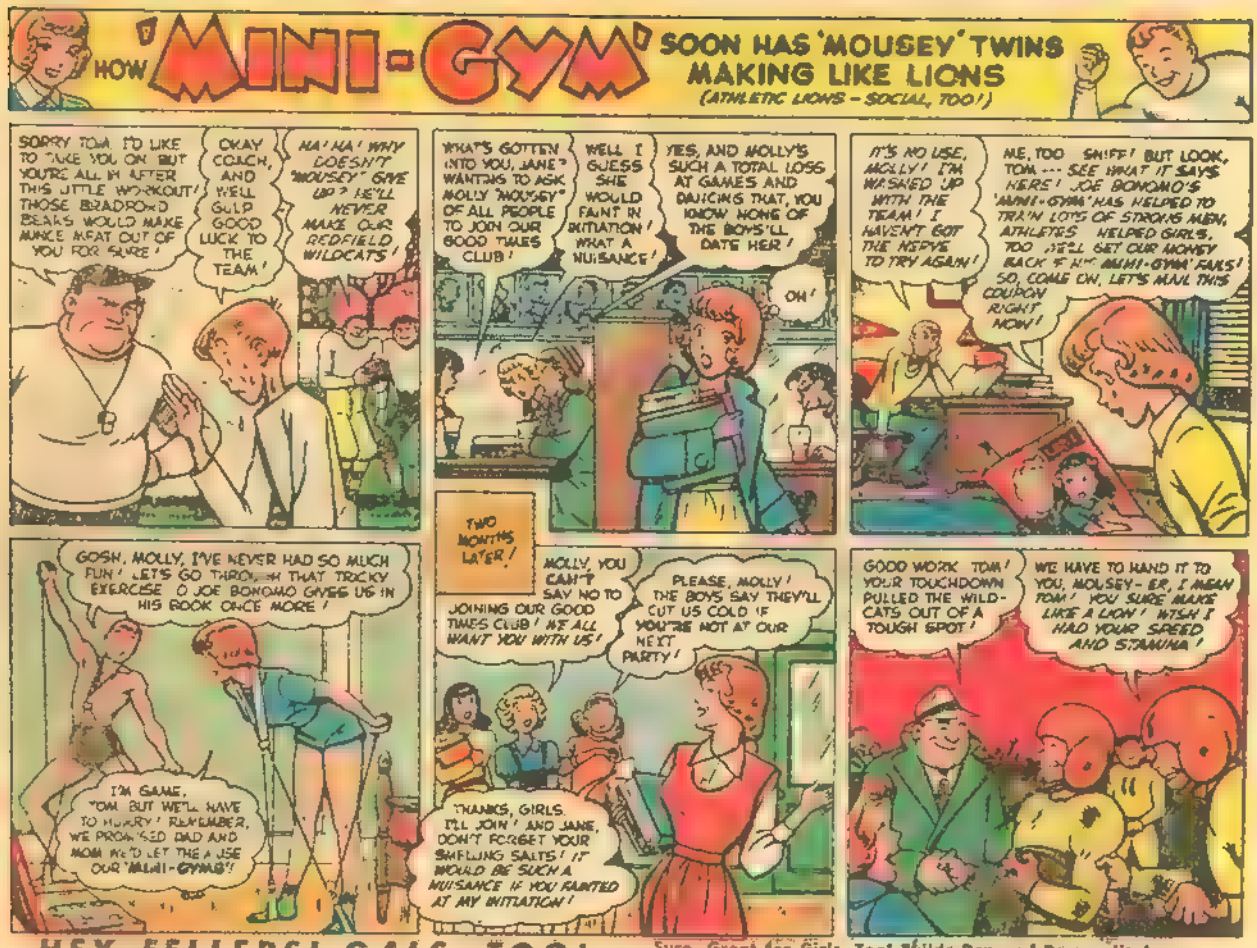
EVERY TIME THE LAW'S BROKEN AN' WE'RE AROUND, THEY JEST NATCHERLY PIN IT ON US! WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT WE'RE OWLHOOTERS FELLER! THIS TIME THEY'RE BLAMIN' US FER STIRRIN' UP AN INDIAN REVOLT!
ONCE AGAIN STEEL-SHOD HOOFS SEND SPARKS FLYING THROUGH THE NIGHT AS THE SHERIFF'S POSSE PICKS UP THE TRAIL...
LET'S LOSE 'EM FOR GOOD THIS TIME, STEEL.. SHOW THOSE SPAVINED PONIES HOW A REAL HORSE RUNS! DIG IN, BOY!
LEAVING HIS PURSUERS BEHIND, THE HUNTED DUO THUNDER ACROSS BOULDER-STREWN TRAILS IN AN UNFAMILIAR COUNTRY.
KEEP ON THE ROCK TRAILS, BOY—THEY'LL NEVER PICK UP OUR TRACKS IN THIS KIND OF COUNTRY!
SUDDENLY WITH A SICKENING LURCH MAN AND HORSE PLUNGE THROUGH THE BRUSH-COVERED SHAFT OF AN ABANDONED MINE
..AND LAND WITH SHOCKING FORCE, AMIDST AN AVALANCHE OF LOOSENED GRAVEL, SAND AND DEBRIS ON A ROCK FLOOR FAR BELOW!
CRASH!
EASY BOY EASY! WE'RE BOTH ALIVE AN' STILL KICKIN'! MAYBE THIS WAS A BREAK, AFTER ALL.. THEY'LL NEVER FOLLOW US DOWN HERE! THOPE!
AN OLD SILVER MINE! THEY USED BURROS TO HAUL THE ORE OUT SO THERE MUST BE AN EXIT PLENTY BIG ENOUGH FOR US TO GET OUT THRU!
2


AN INTENSIVE SEARCH THROUGH THE TWISTING MAZE OF TUNNELS FINALLY LEADS TO SUCCESS...
I RECKON THIS IS THE MAIN SHAFT! WE'LL JUST FOLLOW IT OUT AND GET ON OUR WAY AGAIN!
NEAR THE EXIT KID COLT STOOPS SUDDENLY TO EXAMINE A SHINING OBJECT...
AN EMPTY AMMUNITION CAN! IT HASN'T BEEN HERE VERY LONG EITHER--NOT A SPECK OF RUST ON IT!
SOMETHIN' MIGHTY FISHY HERE...THESE RAILS HAVE BEEN USED LATELY! THE AMMO CAN MUST HAVE FALLEN OFF ONE OF THE LITTLE DUMP CARS!
STAY HERE UNTIL I GET BACK, FELLER! I'M GOIN' TO FOLLOW THOSE TRACKS BACK INTO THE TUNNEL... JEST TO SATISFY MY CURIOSITY!
FOLLOWING THE SERPENTINE LABYRINTH OF CRISSCROSSING TUNNELS INTO THE VERY HEART OF THE MINE, KID COLT FINALLY COMES TO THE END OF THE RAIL-LINE...
THIS IS GETTIN' MIGHTY INTERESTIN'! THAT LADDER'S BEEN SCUFFED BY HEAVY BOXES BEIN' DRAWN DOWN IT!...I'VE GONE THIS FAR SO I MIGHT AS WELL GO THE REST OF THE WAY!
AT THE FOOT OF THE LADDER THE BUZZ OF HUMAN VOICES FREEZES KID IN HIS TRACKS...
WE GOT THEM INJUNS ALL RILED UP AN' READY TO START WHOOPIN' UP A WAR! NOW ALL WE GOTTA DO IS START TURNIN' THESE GUNS AN' AMMO OVER TO 'EM!
WAIT A MINUTE, OX! HOW ABOUT THE SHERIFF FROM SMOKE CITY? BALLOU JEST GOT BACK FROM TOWN AN' SAID HE SAW A POSSE RIDIN' OUT!
POSSE OR NO POSSE, WE'RE MOVIN' THESE GUNS OUT TO THE INJUNS TONIGHT! I AIM TO SELL THE REDSKINS EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH O' SHOOTIN' EQUIPMENT BEFORE WE MOVE OUT OF THESE PARTS!
SUDDENLY A COLD, MURDEROUS VOICE RASPS HARSHLY BEHIND THE UNSUSPECTING KID COLT...
GETTIN' YER EAR BENT, PARDNER? HUG THE FLOOR WITH YER BELLY AN' DON'T MOVE A FINGER OR I'LL BEEF YOU COLD! HEY, OX! C'MON OUT HYAR!
FREEZE YOUR HAMMERS, MISTER--I AIN'T IN NO POSITION TO SLING LEAD!
3

WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T KID COLT! I RECKON YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT OUR PLANS NOW, EH, KID?
THAT'S RIGHT, OX! YOUR RAMRODDIN' OUTFIT IS GOIN' TO BE 'D'BE-WA... IF YOU P... THAT ... DICKER ... INDIANS!
I'M GONNA DO BETTER'N THAT, KID! THE INJUNS'LL GIT THESE GUNS AND AFTER WE ... THIS RANGE YOU'RE GONNA ... AN' ... VAN ALIBI ... US!
YOU'RE NOT MAKIN' SENSE OX!
I'M MAKIN' PLENTY SENSE, KID... WE'RE GONNA FIX THINGS SO'S THE SHERIFF'S POSSE WILL TAG THE INJUN UPRISIN' ON YOU! YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO TELL 'EM DIFFERENT BECAUSE YOU'RE GONNA BE DEAD!
KILLERS LIKE YOU AIN'T GOT NO MORE IMAGINATION THAN A SLEEP'N' RATTLER!
SUDDENLY KID COLT'S SUPPLE BODY UNWINDS LIKE A SNAPPED BULL WHIP..
FREEZE YOUR HANDS, ALL OF YOU! FREEZE!
CRUNCH
BUT HIS WARNING IS LOST AMIDST THE FEAR-SHATTERING THUNDER OF BARKING SIX-GUNS...
SHOOT, YOU BUZZARDS! WE OUT-NUMBER 'IM THREE TO ONE!
TWIN JETS OF LIGHTNING SPIT DEATH FROM THE KID'S GUNS AS HE SILENCES TWO MORE ATTACKERS..
DROP THEM GUNS OR I'LL SPLATTER YOU, COLT!
STAR' SPLATTERIN', OX!
KID COLT'S HAMMERS CLICK HARMLESSLY ON JAMMED CYLINDERS AS THE WINCHESTER BARKS A STACCATO OF SPLINTERING MURDER...
JAMMED! I'LL HAVE TO TACKLE HIM WITH MY HANDS!
ZING!
TWANG!
CLICK! CLICK!
4

WHAM!
NOW WE'RE MATCHED EVEN, OX! I'M COMIN' AFTER YOU!
I'LL CRUSH YOUR BONES INTO CHICKEN MASH...UGH!
I DON'T AIM TO BE LEFT LAYIN' AROUND AS YOUR ALIBI, OX!
SMACK!
WITH GRIM DETERMINATION KID COLT SENDS VOLLEYS OF SMASHING RIGHTS AND LEFTS SHOWERING INTO THE OXLIKE HULK OF HIS OPPONENT...
SPLAT!
I DON'T CHANGE MY MIND EASY, MISTER! YOU'RE STILL GONNA BE FOUND RIGHT HERE--DEAD!
CRACK!
TAKE A DEEP BREATH--BUT YOU AIN'T GONNA HOLD IT LONG!
OX BREAKS AWAY AND RUNS DOWN ONE OF THE TUNNELS...
HE STOPPED RUNNIN'... MUST HAVE HIT A DEAD END! I'LL GET HIM NOW...HE'S CORNERED!
TRAPPED BY A BLANK WALL AT THE MURKY END OF THE TUNNEL, OX STARES DESPERATELY ABOUT FOR A WAY OUT...
I SAID I'D CRUSH HIM AN' I WILL FOR SURE! THIS DUMP TRUCK'S GONNA COME IN HANDY AT LAST!

SUDDENLY AWARE OF THE OX'S INTENTIONS, KID COLT STANDS HELPLESSLY, WATCHING THE HEAVY DUMP TRUCK CAREENING TOWARD HIM WITH EVER-INCREASING SPEED...
IT'S TOO LATE TO TURN BACK! THE TUNNEL'S TOO NARROW TO SIDE-STEP THE CAR! I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST!
HIS MIND WORKING WITH TRIP-HAMMER PRECISION, KID COLT WAITS UNTIL THE HURLING TRUCK IS ALMOST UPON HIM...
I CAN MAKE IT IF I TIME IT RIGHT!
WITH PERFECT TIMING, KID COLT DIVES HEADLONG OVER THE CAREENING TRUCK AS IT HARMLESSLY THUNDERS BENEATH AND PAST HIM...
AGAIN THE TITANIC STRUGGLE CONTINUES THROUGH WINDING TUNNELS AND TREACHEROUS PASSAGEWAYS AS EACH COMBATANT REALIZES THAT ONLY DEATH CAN DECIDE THE VICTOR...
SOCK!
CRACK!
EEEEEEYYAAAHH!
AN HOUR LATER..
LET'S HIT THE TRAIL, FELLER! THAT NOTE OUGHT TO EXPLAIN THINGS FOR THE SHERIFF!
AND WHEN THE SHERIFF AND THE POSSE FINALLY SHOW UP...
I DON'T KNOW WHO WROTE THAT NOTE, SHERIFF, BUT HE SHORE GAVE THE RIGHT INFORMATION! THE GUNS AND THE AMMO'RE WHERE HE SAID THEY'D BE AN' THE OX'S GANG IS SPRAWLED OUT COLDER THAN CANNED BEEF!
WAL, I RECKON IT WASN'T KID COLT WHO WROTE THIS NOTE! THEY SAY THE ONLY WRITIN' HE CAN DO IS WITH HIS SIX-GUNS... AND YET THAT JOB ON THE OX GANG SURE 'PEARS LIKE THE KID'S BRAND!
THE END


HOW 'MINI-GYM' SOON HAS 'MOUSEY' TWINS MAKING LIKE LIONS
(ATHLETIC LIONS – SOCIAL, TOO!)
SORRY TOM, I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU ON, BUT YOU'RE ALL IN AFTER THIS LITTLE WORKOUT! THOSE BRADROW BEARS WOULD MAKE MINCE MEAT OUT OF YOU FOR SURE!
OKAY COACH, AND WELL GULP GOOD LUCK TO THE TEAM!
HA! HA! WHY DOESN'T 'MOUSEY' GIVE UP? HE'LL NEVER MAKE OUR REDFIELD WILDCATS!
WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU, JANE? WANTING TO ASK MOLLY "MOUSEY" OF ALL PEOPLE TO JOIN OUR GOOD TIMES CLUB!
WELL I GUESS SHE WOULD FAINT IN IMITATION! WHAT A NUISANCE!
YES, AND MOLLY'S SUCH A TOTAL LOSS AT GAMES AND DANCING THAT, YOU KNOW NONE OF THE BOYS'LL DATE HER!
OH!
IT'S NO USE, MOLLY! I'M WASHED UP WITH THE TEAM! I HAVEN'T GOT THE NERVE TO TRY AGAIN!
ME, TOO SNIFF! BUT LOOK, TOM — SEE WHAT IT SAYS HERE! JOE BONOMO'S 'MINI-GYM' HAS HELPED TO TRA'IN LOTS OF STRONG MEN, ATHLETES HELPED GIRLS, TOO WE'LL GET OUR MONEY BACK IF HIS 'MINI-GYM' FAILS! SO, COME ON, LET'S MAIL THIS COUPON RIGHT NOW!
GOSH, MOLLY, I'VE NEVER HAD SO MUCH FUN! LET'S GO THROUGH THAT TRICKY EXERCISE O JOE BONOMO GIVES US IN HIS BOOK ONCE MORE!
I'M GAME, TOM BUT WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY! REMEMBER, WE PROMISED DAD AND MOM WE'D LET THEM USE OUR 'MINI-GYMS'!
TWO MONTHS LATER!
MOLLY, YOU CAN'T SAY NO TO JOINING OUR GOOD TIMES CLUB! WE ALL WANT YOU WITH US!
PLEASE, MOLLY! THE BOYS SAY THEY'LL CUT US COLD IF YOU'RE NOT AT OUR NEXT PARTY!
THANKS, GIRLS. I'LL JOIN! AND JANE, DON'T FORGET YOUR SMELLING SALTS! IT WOULD BE SUCH A NUISANCE IF YOU FAINTED AT MY INITIATION!
GOOD WORK TOM! YOUR TOUCHDOWN PULLED THE WILDCATS OUT OF A TOUGH SPOT!
WE HAVE TO HAND IT TO YOU, MOUSEY – ER, I MEAN TOM! YOU SURE MAKE LIKE A LION! WISH I HAD YOUR SPEED AND STAMINA!

HEY FELLERS! GALS, TOO!

You'll Have the Time of Your Young Lives With Joe Bonomo's Super-Marvellous

NEW 'MINI-GYM'!

Packs All the Thrills of Big, Expensive Gym, Including . . .

- Rowing Machine
- Wall Exerciser
- Tension Pulls
- Bicycle

Formerly $4.95
Our Special Price **$3.95** COMPLETE

Makes Getting Fit Real Fun and Keeping Fit—An Exciting Game!

Say, Gang, you don't know what fun it is 'til you get your eager hands (Yes, and feet, too) into Joe Bonomo's new wonder exerciser, the magnificent new 'MINI-GYM'! Even though you hated exercise before, with super-duper 'MINI-GYM' and Bonomo's big, new *personal* instruction book . . . Boy, you'll eat it up! And how!

See How Fast 'Mini-Gym' Helps Build You Into a Star Athlete!

You bet, almost before you know it, 'MINI-GYM' makes you into the kind of real "he man" material coaches want most . . . and girls go for fastest! Can't help but be, for this new "miracle" 'MINI-GYM' is an *all-round, all-over* body conditioner . . . meaning it does a 100% job of building YOU! Toning, strengthening and pepping up *every* muscle in your *whole body!*

Scientific? Say, Listen, 'MINI-GYM'S' Perfected By the Famous Joe Bonomo!

A world-famous, professional strong man himself, Joe Bonomo knows what it takes to build the physically perfect man! Yes, and woman, too! And he's put all his first hand knowledge into the design of this terrific, new 'MINI-GYM'! So in 'MINI-GYM', you've got what it takes for genuine, *professional* body-building!

Sure, Great for Girls, Too! Builds Pep and Personality!

Though 'MINI-GYM' is tough enough for the professional athlete, it's *easy* enough to be handled . . . and enjoyed . . . by any ambitious teen-age girl. How come? Because Joe Bonomo designed 'MINI-GYM' for girls too that's how come. Especially smart girls who want to develop real pep, alluring curves and a super-gorgeous figure! No wonder bright girls everywhere are going for 'MINI GYM' in a big BIG way!

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Thirteen or 30, 18 or 80, once they see 'MINI GYM' folks of all ages are . . . but fascinated! Can't wait to try it! Why? Because 'MINI-GYM' *instantly* adapts to the exercise needs . . . and thrills . . . of *any* age and *any* physical condition from the weakest to the strongest!

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Every thrill-packed page written for you by Joe Bonomo, this big 64-page book, printed in 2 colors, gives you a complete 'MINI-GYM' health course. Far more than an instruction manual, it's an *all-round, all-over* Body Conditioner Course! Complete with 90 especially posed photos, charts and fun-to-follow text. Size: 5½" x 8½". Sent FREE with your 'MINI-GYM'!

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MODEL #1 ☐ If you are under 5 ft. tall

MODEL #2 ☐ If you are 5 ft. to 5 ft. 10 in. tall

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Name .

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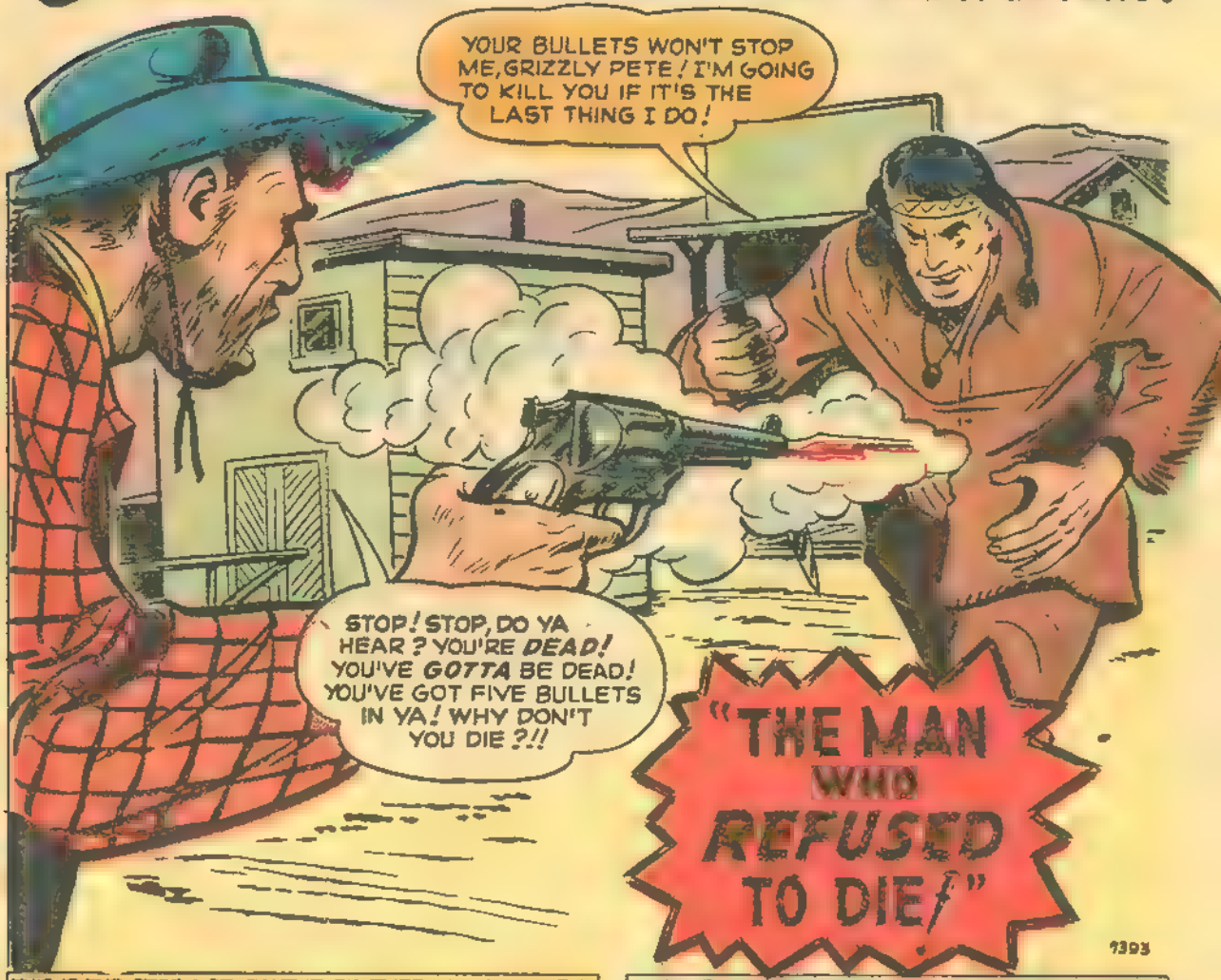
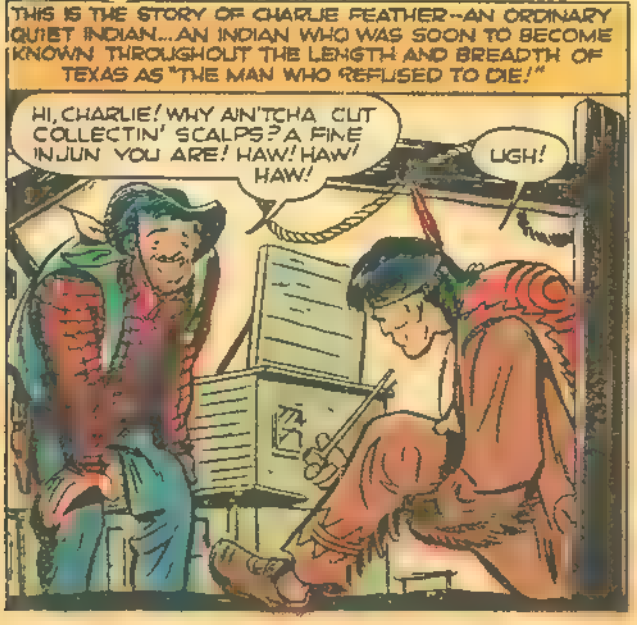
I enclose $3.95. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.
(Canadian and Foreign Order, $4.95. Cash with orders.)

Charlie FEATHER

THE INDIAN WHOSE NAME BECAME A LEGEND!


YOUR BULLETS WON'T STOP ME, GRIZZLY PETE! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
STOP! STOP, DO YA HEAR? YOU'RE DEAD! YOU'VE GOTTA BE DEAD! YOU'VE GOT FIVE BULLETS IN YA! WHY DON'T YOU DIE?!!
"THE MAN WHO REFUSED TO DIE!"
7393

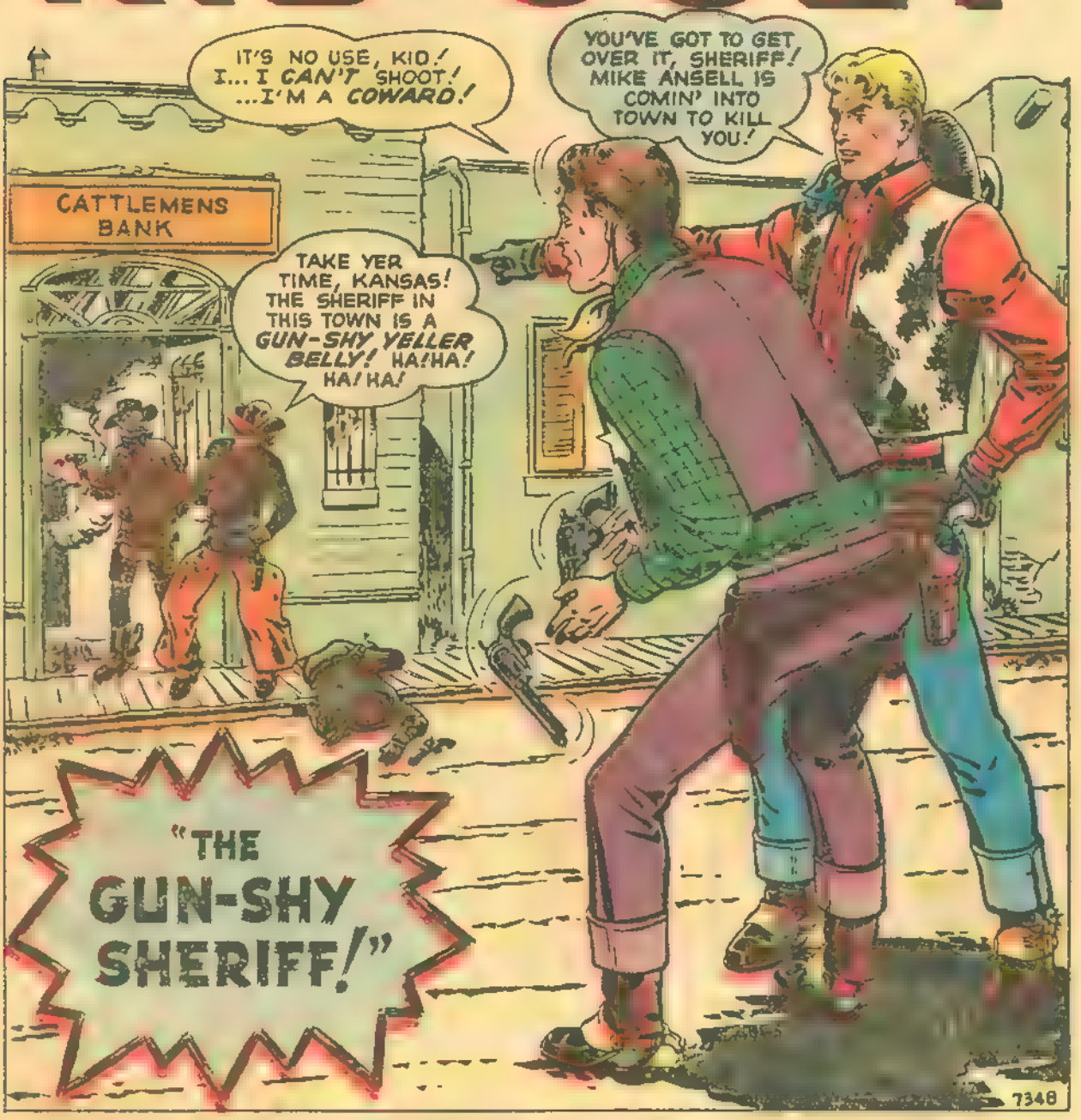

THIS IS THE STORY OF CHARLIE FEATHER--AN ORDINARY QUIET INDIAN...AN INDIAN WHO WAS SOON TO BECOME KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF TEXAS AS "THE MAN WHO REFUSED TO DIE!"
HI, CHARLIE! WHY AIN'TCHA CUT COLLECTIN' SCALPS? A FINE INJUN YOU ARE! HAW! HAW! HAW!
UGH!

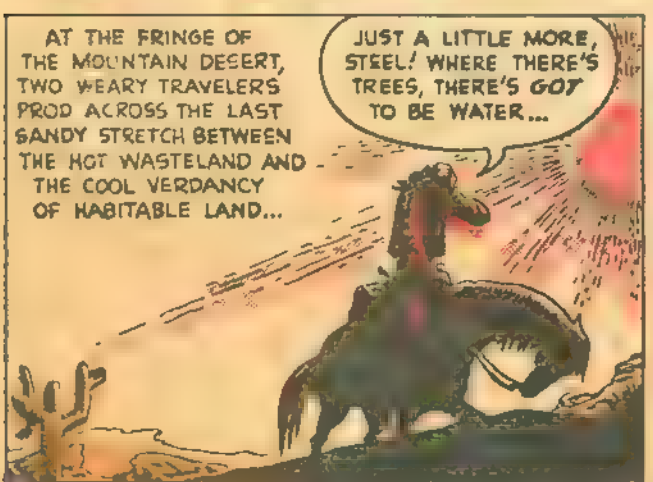
FOR YEARS CHARLIE HAD BEEN PUSHED AROUND, POKED FUN AT, AND MADE THE BUTT OF INDIGNITIES! BUT ALWAYS HE REMAINED QUIET, CALM, STOICAL...UNTIL...
OUTA MY WAY, REDSKIN! WHEN GRIZZLY PETE WANTSA GO INTA A SALOON, NO LOW-DOWN REDSKIN BETTER GIT IN HIS WAY!
SMACK!

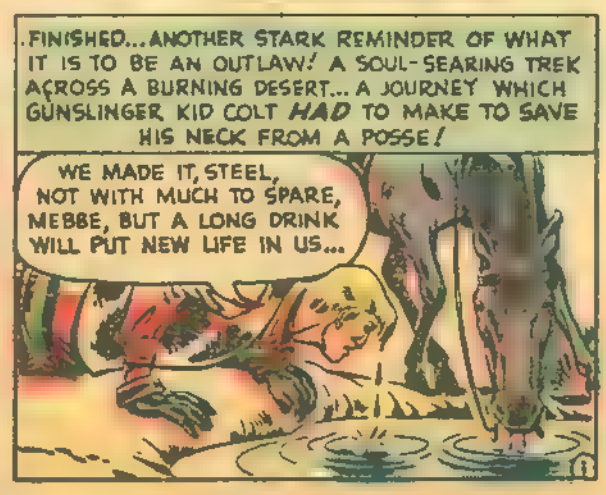
CHARLIE FEATHER KILL FOUL-MOUTHED PALEFACE!
NIX, CHARLIE! GRIZZLY PETE'S THE MEANEST KILLER IN THESE PARTS.. HE'LL FEED YA TO THE BUZZARDS! G'WAN HOME AND FORGET IT!
CHARLIE FEATHER NO FORGET INSULT! CHARLIE FEATHER GET REVENGE FROM GRIZZLY PETE!
GRIZZLY PETE! TAKE BACK WHAT YOU SAY ABOUT REDSKIN OR CHARLIE FEATHER KILL YOU!
WELL, I'LL BE.. THAT NO-'COUNT, STUPID, WORTHLESS REDSKIN IS GONNA KILL ME? GRIZZLY PETE? HAW! HAW! HAW!
I NEVER DID LIKE REDSKINS ANYWAY--YOU ALL HEARD HIM THREATEN TA KILL ME, SO NATCHERLY THIS SHOOTIN'S IN SELF-DEFENCE! YER GONNA JOIN YER ANCESTERS NOW, CHARLIE! HAW! HAW!
DON'T KILL 'IM, GRIZZLY! IT'S JEST PLAIN MURDER... CHARLIE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!
SO LONG, REDSKIN!
...ARGHHH!
ALL RIGHT, BOYS, DRINKS'RE ON ME! WHAT'LL IT BE?
ONLY PALEFACE'S DEATH WILL WIPE OUT THIS INSULT TO MY PEOPLE!
GRIZZLY LOOK! HE'S STILL ALIVE!
HUH?
2

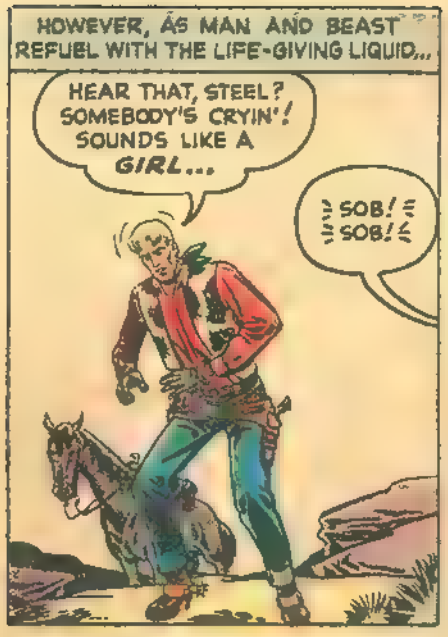
I RECKON YOU JUST DON'T KNOW WHEN TO CASH IN YOUR CHIPS, REDSKIN! HERE THIS'LL HELP YA FIND OUT!
HE WON'T FALL DOWN! HE'S STILL COMIN'! THE GUY AIN'T HUMAN!
YOU MUST DIE, GRIZZLY PETE!
FALL DOWN.. DO YOU HEAR .. FALL DOWN!
YER GUN'S EMPTY—AN' HE'S STILL ALIVE 'TIS IMPOSSIBLE!
CLICK! CLICK!
KEEP AWAY! CURSE YOU... KEEP AWAY! YOU'RE DEAD, I TELL YOU-- YOU'RE DEAD!
CHARLIE FEATHER CANNOT DIE UNTIL INSULT TO REDMEN WIPED OUT-- BY DEATH OF PALEFACE!
I THANK GREAT SPIRIT FOR LETTING CHARLIE FEATHER LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO FINISH TASK!
NO! NO.. DON'T!
ARGHH!
AND SO THEY DIED THE KILLER AND THE VICTIM. BUT WHICH ONE REALLY WAS THE KILLER. AND WHICH WAS REALLY THE VICTIM?
AND TO THIS DAY, IN A QUIET CHURCHYARD NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE, THERE IS A TOMBSTONE WHICH MARKS THE GRAVE OF A MAN WHO WOULDN'T DIE UNTIL HIS JOB WAS DONE!
CHARLIE FEATHER
THE MAN WHO REFUSED TO DIE

KID COLT


IT'S NO USE, KID! I... I CAN'T SHOOT! ...I'M A COWARD!
YOU'VE GOT TO GET OVER IT, SHERIFF! MIKE ANSELL IS COMIN' INTO TOWN TO KILL YOU!
CATTLEMENS BANK
TAKE YER TIME, KANSAS! THE SHERIFF IN THIS TOWN IS A GUN-SHY YELLER BELLY! HA!HA! HA! HA!
"THE GUN-SHY SHERIFF!"
7348


AT THE FRINGE OF THE MOUNTAIN DESERT, TWO WEARY TRAVELERS PROD ACROSS THE LAST SANDY STRETCH BETWEEN THE HOT WASTELAND AND THE COOL VERDANCY OF HABITABLE LAND...
JUST A LITTLE MORE, STEEL! WHERE THERE'S TREES, THERE'S GOT TO BE WATER...


FINISHED... ANOTHER STARK REMINDER OF WHAT IT IS TO BE AN OUTLAW! A SOUL-SEARING TREK ACROSS A BURNING DESERT... A JOURNEY WHICH GUNSLINGER KID COLT HAD TO MAKE TO SAVE HIS NECK FROM A POSSE!
WE MADE IT, STEEL, NOT WITH MUCH TO SPARE, MEBBE, BUT A LONG DRINK WILL PUT NEW LIFE IN US...

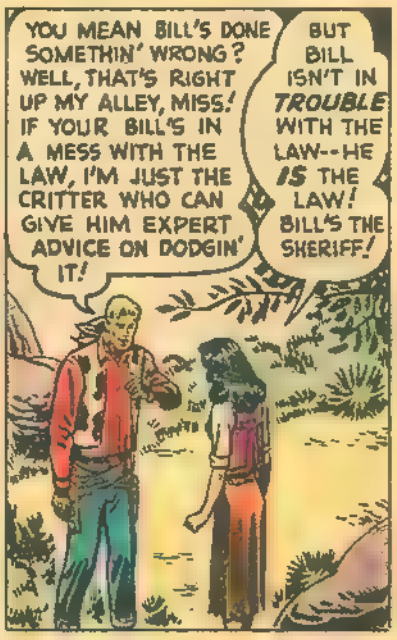

HOWEVER, AS MAN AND BEAST REFUEL WITH THE LIFE-GIVING LIQUID...
HEAR THAT, STEEL? SOMEBODY'S CRYIN'! SOUNDS LIKE A GIRL...
SOB! SOB!

HMM... ONLY ONE THING CAN MAKE A GAL CRY LIKE THAT... A COYOTE WHO BROKE HER HEART!
BEG PARDON, MISS... ANYTHING I CAN DO?

OHH! I DIDN'T THINK ANYBODY WAS NEAR!
ME AN' STEEL JUST CAME OUT O' THE DESERT... WE BEEN WITHOUT WATER FOR OVER TWO DAYS... THAT SORT OF ACCOUNTS FOR MY LOOKIN' LIKE A HALF-DROWNED RAT! IS SOMETHIN' WRONG, MISS?

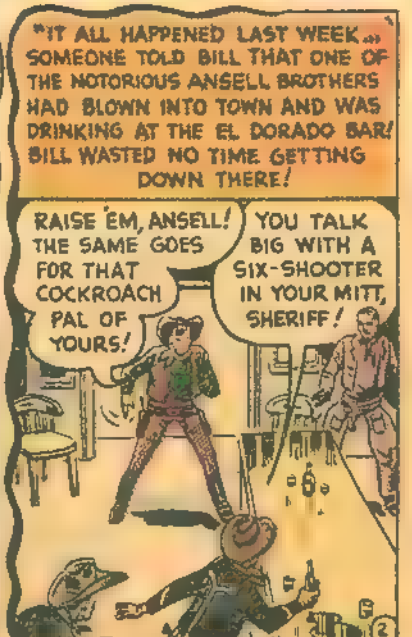
WRONG?... OH, BILL... BILL! (SOB!)
SEE, STEEL? THANK YOUR STARS YOU WERE BORN A STALLION, MY FRIEND ... IT'S A MAN'S WORLD AN' US MEN SHORE CAN MAKE A HEAP O' MISERY FER THE FILLIES WHEN WE HAVE A MIND TO!

WHO'S BILL, MISS? I DON'T WANT TO PRY INTO YOUR AFFAIRS, BUT MEBBE I CAN HELP YOU!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! ...(SOB!) IT'S NOT ME WHO NEEDS HELP! ...IT'S BILL! THEY'LL KILL HIM WHEN THEY FIND OUT...


YOU MEAN BILL'S DONE SOMETHIN' WRONG? WELL, THAT'S RIGHT UP MY ALLEY, MISS! IF YOUR BILL'S IN A MESS WITH THE LAW, I'M JUST THE CRITTER WHO CAN GIVE HIM EXPERT ADVICE ON DODGIN' IT!
BUT BILL ISN'T IN TROUBLE WITH THE LAW--HE IS THE LAW! BILL'S THE SHERIFF!

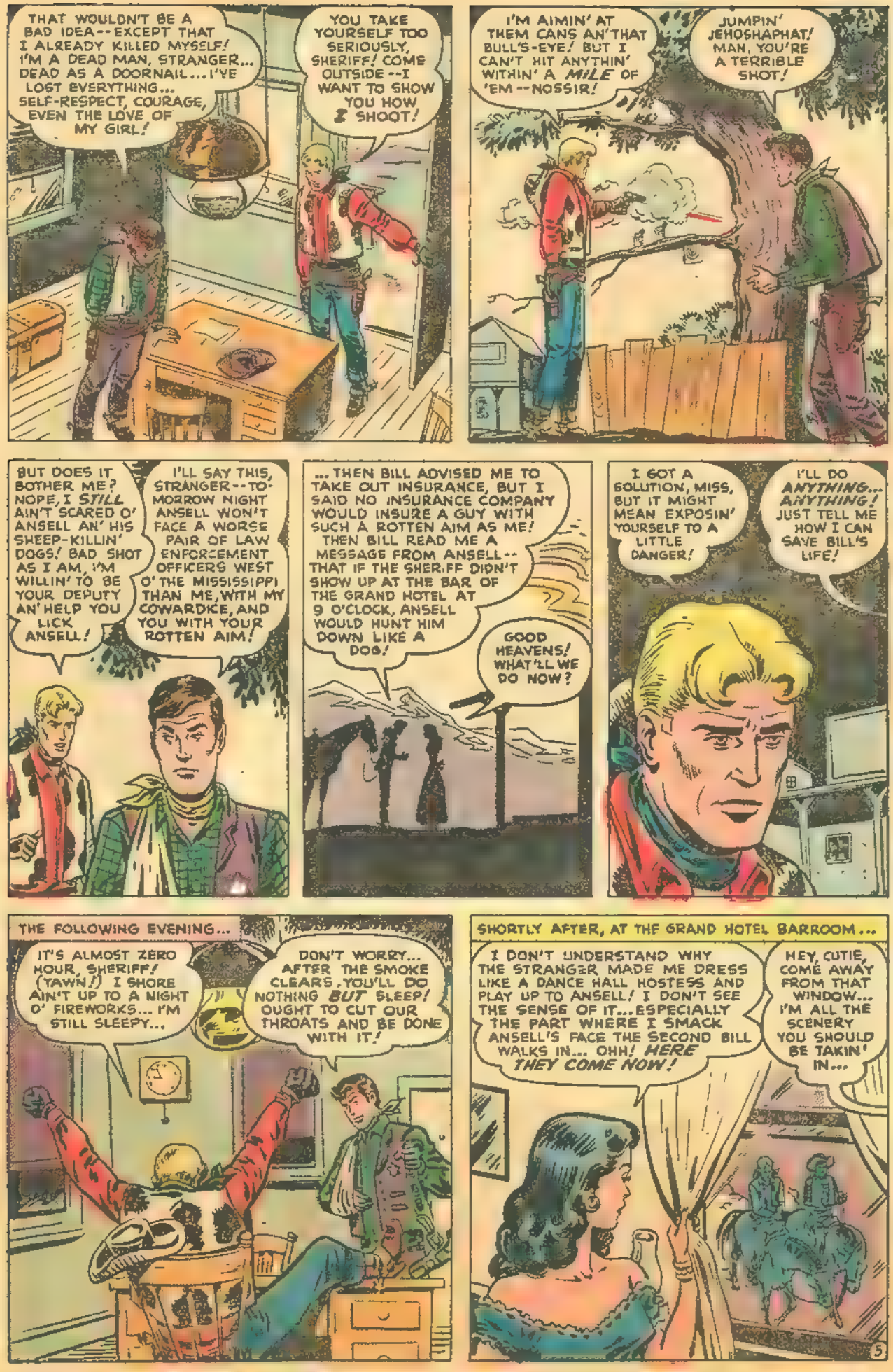
THE WHAT?
...THE SHERIFF! THAT'S WHY I'M SO UPSET... BILL'S A SHERIFF IN NAME ONLY... HE'S THE TARGET OF EVERY OUTLAW IN THE COUNTRY, NOW THAT THEY KNOW HIS WEAKNESS!

...WEAKNESS? YOU MEAN... YOU?
I WISH I WERE BILL'S ONLY WEAKNESS! BUT I'M NOT! I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAN HELP HIM NOW--LOVE CERTAINLY ISN'T THE ANSWER!


"IT ALL HAPPENED LAST WEEK... SOMEONE TOLD BILL THAT ONE OF THE NOTORIOUS ANSELL BROTHERS HAD BLOWN INTO TOWN AND WAS DRINKING AT THE EL DORADO BAR! BILL WASTED NO TIME GETTING DOWN THERE!
RAISE 'EM, ANSELL! THE SAME GOES FOR THAT COCKROACH PAL OF YOURS!
YOU TALK BIG WITH A SIX-SHOOTER IN YOUR MITT, SHERIFF!
6
2

YA SEE, SHERIFF, I KNOW I'M DUE FOR A NECK-STRETCHIN' IF YA CAPTURE ME, SO I AIM TO SHOOT IT OUT! I JEST WANT TO KNOW WHAT COLOR YER GUTS ARE AN' IF YA'LL GIVE ME A SPORTIN' CHANCE TO DRAW AGIN' YA...
FILL YOUR HANDS!
" MY BILL WAS LIGHTNING ON THE DRAW-- BEFORE THEIR PALMS SLAPPED LEATHER, BILL HAD THEM BEAT! BUT AS HE SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER...
MIGOSH! MY GUNS ARE JAMMED!
WHAT A BREAK! BLAST HIM, GIL!
CLICK!
CLICK!
DON'T SHOOT! I... OWWWW!
WHO'S SHOOTIN'? I'M JEST GOIN' TO FILL YA FULL O' LEAD GRADUALLY AN' LET YA DIE OF OVERWEIGHT!
"BUT MIKE ANSELL, GIL'S DESPERADO BROTHER, WAS NEVER TO HEAR THE TALE FROM GIL'S LIPS! AL TORMEY, BARKEEP AT THE EL DORADO, SUDDENLY CAME UP WITH TWO BLAZING HOGLEGS...
YOU DIRTY MURDERIN' POLECATS! HERE'S A TASTE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!
GIL... GIT 'IM... HE... YEOWWWW!
"BUT THE TURN OF EVENTS WAS NOT SO AMAZING FOR THE FACT THAT GIL ANSELL WAS KILLED, BUT FOR THE CHANGE WHICH CAME OVER BILL!
TAKE THE GUN AWAY-- IT'LL BLOW UP IN MY HAND! I HATE GUNS... I HATE 'EM!
"IT TURNED OUT THAT BILL HATED HIMSELF MORE! ALMOST GETTING KILLED HAD MADE A COWARD OF HIM..."
IT'S ALMOST A WEEK NOW THAT I'VE TRIED TO FIGHT THE FEELING, JANE, BUT IT'S NO USE... I'M GUN-SHY AND IT LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING TO STAY THAT WAY! SO OUR ENGAGEMENT IS OFF...
BUT WE LOVE EACH OTHER, BILL!
IT WAS NO USE! BILL WOULDN'T LET ME MARRY A MAN WHO HAD TURNED YELLOW! AS IF THAT WASN'T TROUBLE ENOUGH, GIL'S BROTHER MIKE SWORE HE'D AVENGE HIS BROTHER'S DEATH-- BY KILLING BILL TOMORROW NIGHT!
YOU'VE SURE GOT A MESS OF TROUBLE ON THOSE SLIM SHOULDERS, MA'AM!
3

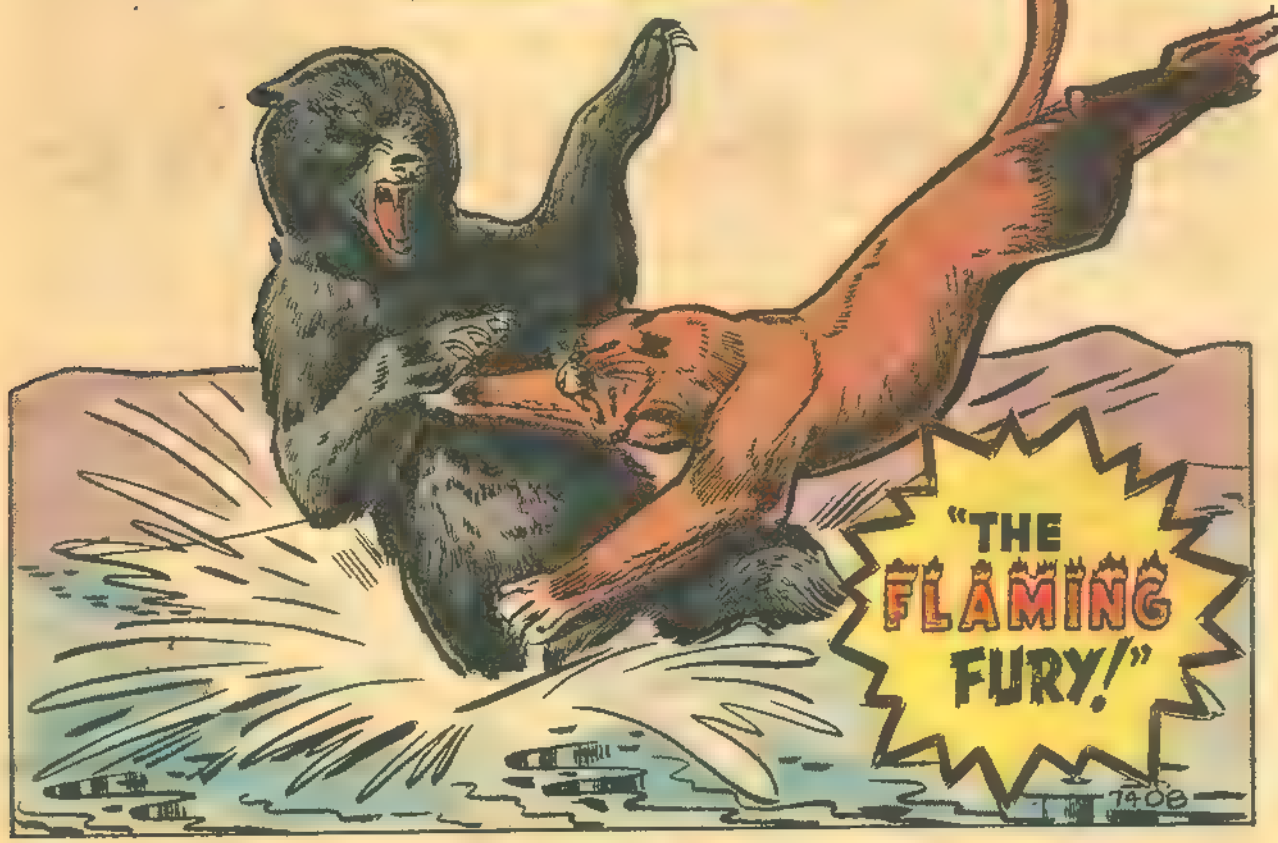
I'M SO MISERABLE! MIKE ANSELL WILL SHOW UP WITH HIS DESPERADOES AND BILL DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE IF HE'S AFRAID TO FIRE A GUN!
WELL, HELPIN' SHERIFFS A LITTLE OUT O' MY LINE... IN FACT, IT'S BEEN KIND O' THE OTHER WAY 'ROUND! BUT MEBBE THERE'S SOMETHIN' WE CAN DO...
YOU MEAN... YOU CAN CURE BILL'S GUN-SHYNESS?
WE CAN'T LET A VARMINT LIKE MIKE ANSELL SHOOT HIM DOWN IN COLD BLOOD-- EVEN IF HE IS THE SHERIFF! SOMEBODY'S GOT TO LIFT A FINGER TO HELP... IF YOU'LL BE SO KIND AS TO FEED ME UP SO'S I'LL HAVE STRENGTH TO!
AN HOUR LATER, AT JANE'S HOUSE!
YOU'RE PRETTY STUCK ON THIS SHERIFF GUY, AREN'T YOU?
BILL'S THE ONLY MAN I'LL EVER LOVE... THAT GOES WHETHER HE REMAINS A COWARD OR NOT! BUT I CAN'T LOVE A DEAD MAN...
BUT I'M FORGETTING ABOUT YOU! HOW CAN YOU PERSUADE THE ANSELL GANG TO LEAVE BILL ALONE?
WELL, MISS, I FIGGER A SIXER SPEAKS THE KIND O' LANGUAGE ANSELL RESPECTS! AN' YOU NEVER CAN TELL--THE SHERIFF MIGHT GET OVER HIS SHYNESS BEFORE TOMORROW'S ENDED!
LATER, AS KID COLT AND JANE RIDE INTO TOWN...
HEY, DID YOU HEAR THE LATEST? MERRICK'S DEPUTY QUIT ON HIM! DIDN'T LIKE THE IDEA O' STANDIN' UP TO MIKE ANSELL ALONE, NOW THAT THE SHERIFF'S GONE GUN-SHY!
THAT AIN'T ALL! MERRICK'S BEEN OFFERIN' THE DEPUTY JOB ALL OVER TOWN--SO FAR HE'S GOT NO TAKERS!
BILL'S DOOM IS SEALED, NOW THAT HIS DEPUTY'S QUIT ON HIM... BILL CAN'T FACE ANSELL'S BUNCH ALONE!
MEBBE HE WON'T HAVE TO! YOU RUN ALONG, MISS ELLEREBY, AND DO SOME SHOPPIN' ...I WANT TO TALK TO BILL PRIVATELY!
SALO
SO YOU WANT THE JOB AS THE DEPUTY? MEBBE YOU HAVEN'T HEARD, STRANGER... I'M GUN-SHY... YOU MIGHT HAVE TO TAKE ON MIKE ANSELL BY YOURSELF!
MEBBE! ANYWAYS, I KNOW WHICH END OF THE SIX-SHOOTER THE BULLET COMES OUT OF, WHICH IS MORE 'N YOU APPEAR TO KNOW! AIMIN' TO KILL YOURSELF, SHERIFF?
4

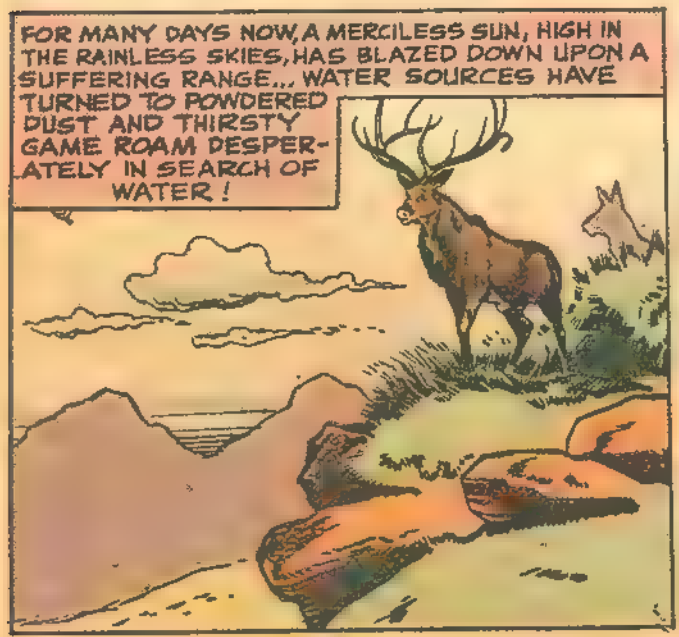

THAT WOULDN'T BE A BAD IDEA--EXCEPT THAT I ALREADY KILLED MYSELF! I'M A DEAD MAN, STRANGER... DEAD AS A DOORNAIL... I'VE LOST EVERYTHING... SELF-RESPECT, COURAGE, EVEN THE LOVE OF MY GIRL!
YOU TAKE YOURSELF TOO SERIOUSLY, SHERIFF! COME OUTSIDE--I WANT TO SHOW YOU HOW I SHOOT!
I'M AIMIN' AT THEM CANS AN' THAT BULL'S-EYE! BUT I CAN'T HIT ANYTHIN' WITHIN' A MILE OF 'EM--NOSSIR!
JUMPIN' JEHOSHAPHAT! MAN, YOU'RE A TERRIBLE SHOT!
BUT DOES IT BOTHER ME? NOPE, I STILL AIN'T SCARED O' ANSELL AN' HIS SHEEP-KILLIN' DOGS! BAD SHOT AS I AM, I'M WILLIN' TO BE YOUR DEPUTY AN' HELP YOU LICK ANSELL!
I'LL SAY THIS, STRANGER--TO-MORROW NIGHT ANSELL WON'T FACE A WORSE PAIR OF LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS WEST O' THE MISSISSIPPI THAN ME, WITH MY COWARDICE, AND YOU WITH YOUR ROTTEN AIM!
... THEN BILL ADVISED ME TO TAKE OUT INSURANCE, BUT I SAID NO INSURANCE COMPANY WOULD INSURE A GUY WITH SUCH A ROTTEN AIM AS ME! THEN BILL READ ME A MESSAGE FROM ANSELL--THAT IF THE SHERIFF DIDN'T SHOW UP AT THE BAR OF THE GRAND HOTEL AT 9 O'CLOCK, ANSELL WOULD HUNT HIM DOWN LIKE A DOG!
GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?
I GOT A SOLUTION, MISS, BUT IT MIGHT MEAN EXPOSIN' YOURSELF TO A LITTLE DANGER!
I'LL DO ANYTHING... ANYTHING! JUST TELL ME HOW I CAN SAVE BILL'S LIFE!
THE FOLLOWING EVENING...
IT'S ALMOST ZERO HOUR, SHERIFF! (YAWN!) I SHORE AIN'T UP TO A NIGHT O' FIREWORKS... I'M STILL SLEEPY...
DON'T WORRY... AFTER THE SMOKE CLEARS, YOU'LL DO NOTHING BUT SLEEP! OUGHT TO CUT OUR THROATS AND BE DONE WITH IT!
SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE GRAND HOTEL BARROOM...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE STRANGER MADE ME DRESS LIKE A DANCE HALL HOSTESS AND PLAY UP TO ANSELL! I DON'T SEE THE SENSE OF IT... ESPECIALLY THE PART WHERE I SMACK ANSELL'S FACE THE SECOND BILL WALKS IN.... OHH! HERE THEY COME NOW!
HEY, CUTIE, COME AWAY FROM THAT WINDOW... I'M ALL THE SCENERY YOU SHOULD BE TAKIN' IN...
5

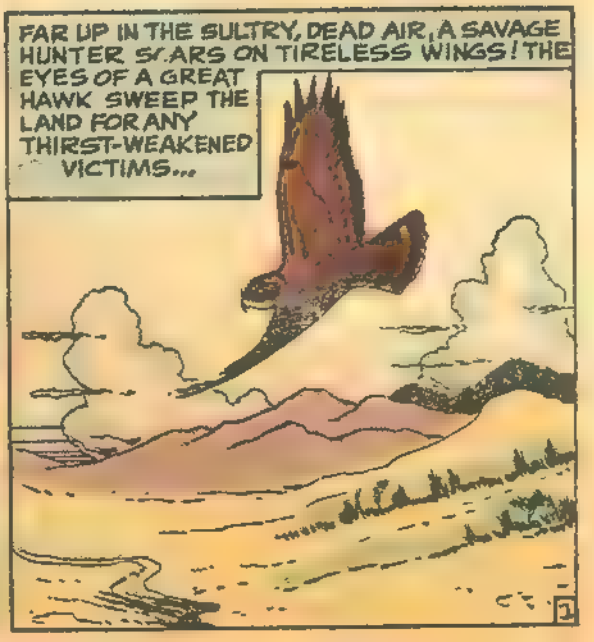
...ME AN' THET PIGEON-LIVERED SHERIFF I'M GOIN' TO KILL! C'MERE AN' GIVE US A NICE KISS TO WISH ME LUCK!
TAKE YOUR GREASY HANDS OFF ME!... HELP! HELP!
OWWW! YOU LITTLE WILDCAT--I'LL TEACH YOU TO SLAP MIKE ANSELL!
MIKE, QUICK... THEY'RE HERE... THE SHERIFF AN' HIS DEPUTY!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU LATER, BABY--FIRST I GOT TO SETTLE WITH THE LAW! GUN THEM, BOYS!
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, SHERIFF, SHOOT! SHOOT! THEY'LL KILL US AN' JANE, TOO! DID YOU HEAR ME? THEY'LL KILL JANE!
NOBODY'S KILLIN' JANE! I'LL GO DOWN SHOOTING FIRST!
IT WORKED! HE'S FIRING AWAY! BUT I'D BETTER MAKE SURE THE BULLETS HIT THE TARGET, JUST IN CASE! HMMM... I ALWAYS HATED THE ANSELL BUNCH, ANYWAY!
FAST AND FURIOUS MOMENTS LATER...
I GIVE UP! (GASP!) I NEVER SEEN SUCH SHOOTIN'! WHO SAID THAT SHERIFF WAS GUN-SHY!? BUT IT AIN'T THE SHERIFF--LOOK WHO'S WITH HIM!
UH-OH... I WAS AFRAID THEY'D SPOT ME!
THE DEADLIEST SHOT IN THE WEST! KID COLT... OHHHHH!
YOU TALK TOO MUCH, PAL!
CRACK!
THE FAMOUS... MMPPHHHHHH!
I SAW HOW HE SHOT YESTERDAY--HE COULDN'T HIT THE SIDE OF A BARN! THEN I MUST HAVE DONE IT... I'M NOT GUN-SHY ANY MORE!
DON'T SAY IT, MISS! YOU'LL SPOIL EVERYTHING!
6
THUS KID COLT PLAYED CUPID FOR A SPELL... BUT ONLY FOR A SPELL! LIKE THE FLYING DUTCHMAN, KID COLT MUST KEEP ON THE MOVE... FOREVER ONE STEP AHEAD OF THE LAW... THE ETERNAL FATE OF THE HUNTED OUTLAW!
HMMM! I'D NEVER HAVE HELPED OUT IN THE FIRST PLACE IF I KNEW IT WOULD END UP WITH ME WEARIN' A NECK HARNESS!
BE GLAD IT AIN'T A NOOSE, YOU WONDERFUL SCOUNDREL, YOU!
THE END

NIMO

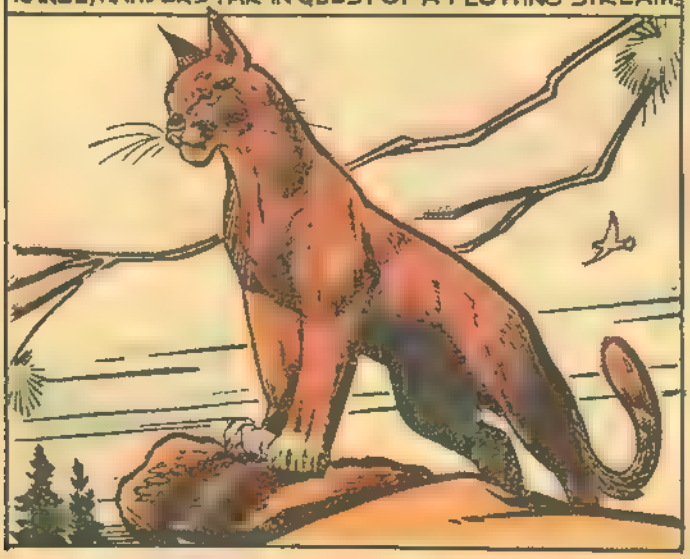
THE MOUNTAIN LION



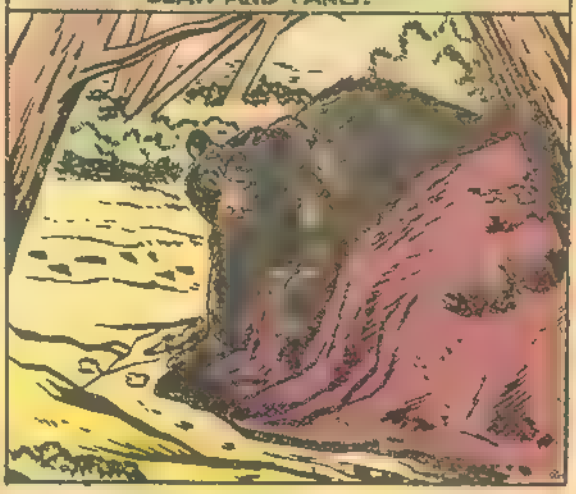

FOR MANY DAYS NOW, A MERCILESS SUN, HIGH IN THE RAINLESS SKIES, HAS BLAZED DOWN UPON A SUFFERING RANGE... WATER SOURCES HAVE TURNED TO POWDERED DUST AND THIRSTY GAME ROAM DESPERATELY IN SEARCH OF WATER!


FAR UP IN THE SULTRY, DEAD AIR, A SAVAGE HUNTER SOARS ON TIRELESS WINGS! THE EYES OF A GREAT HAWK SWEEP THE LAND FOR ANY THIRST-WEAKENED VICTIMS...

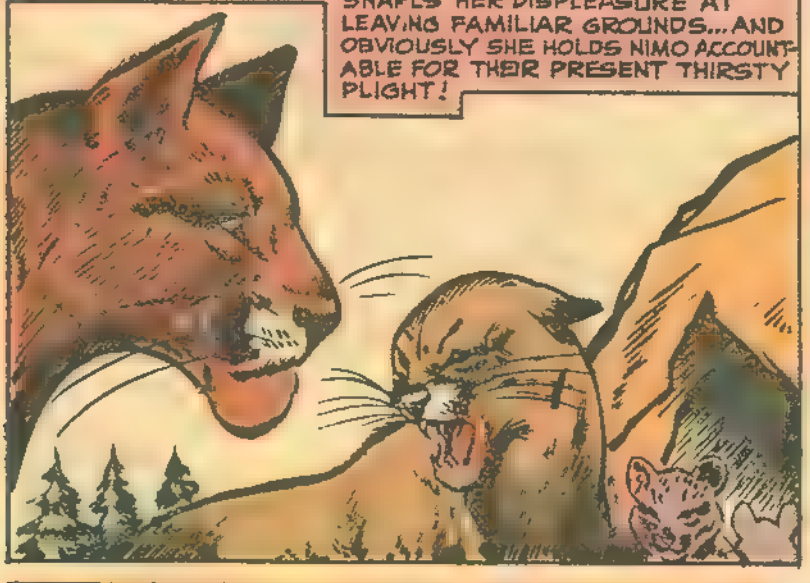
EVEN MONARCHS ARE SUBJECT TO THE GNAWING PANGS OF THIRST... NIMO THE MOUNTAIN LION, LORD OF ALL THE RANGE, WANDERS FAR IN QUEST OF A FLOWING STREAM!



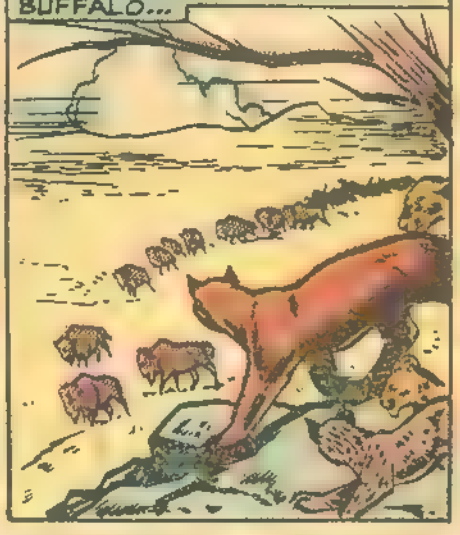
FURTHER WEST ANOTHER RULER ANGRILY PAWS A DRIED-UP STREAM! BUT EVEN THE BIG GRIZZLY HESITATES TO INVADE THE DOMAIN OF NIMO TO LOOK FOR WATER, FOR HE HAS FELT THE SEARING FIRE OF THE PUMA'S CLAW AND FANG!



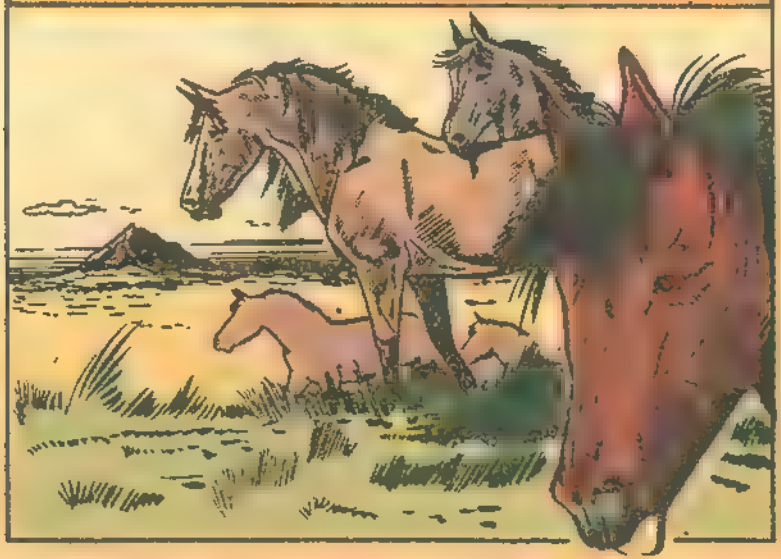
FINALLY THE MOUNTAIN KING DECIDES TO TAKE HIS MATE AND CUBS TO THE MEADOWS BELOW! AT HIS SUMMONS HIS MATE SNAPS HER DISPLEASURE AT LEAVING FAMILIAR GROUNDS... AND OBVIOUSLY SHE HOLDS NIMO ACCOUNTABLE FOR THEIR PRESENT THIRSTY PLIGHT!



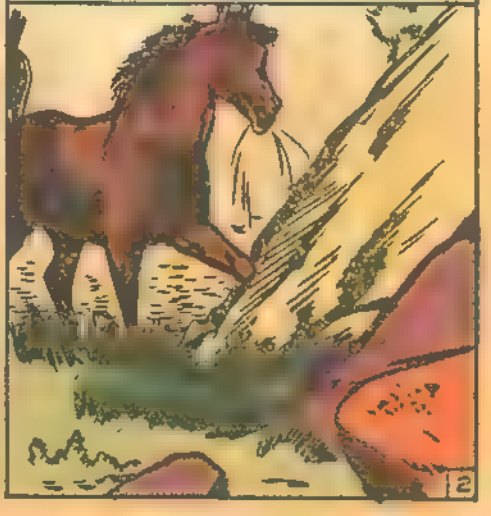
ALTHOUGH, CATLIKE, THE PUMAS DISLIKE WALKING, THE FAMILY FINALLY REACH THE PRAIRIE LANDS! THERE THEY BEHOLD THE VANISHING BUFFALO...



...AND WILD HORSES, TOO, ROAM IN GREAT NUMBERS OVER THE LOWLANDS! THE HERDS MOVE EVER ON IN THEIR SEARCH FOR GREENER GRASSES...



SUDDENLY ONE OLD MARE JERKS UP FROM HER FEEDING--A FAINT WISP OF AIR CARRIES AN OMINOUS WARNING OF SOME UNKNOWN DANGER! THE MARE STAMPS NERVOUSLY!



AT THE MARE'S ALARMED SNORT THE HERD BECOMES INSTANTLY ALERT! A FAINT YELLOW TINGE CLOUDS THE AIR, THEN COME THIN WISPS OF SMOKE FOLLOWED BY THICK ROLLING CLOUDS, THROUGH WHICH COMES THE CRACKLING OF--*FIRE!*

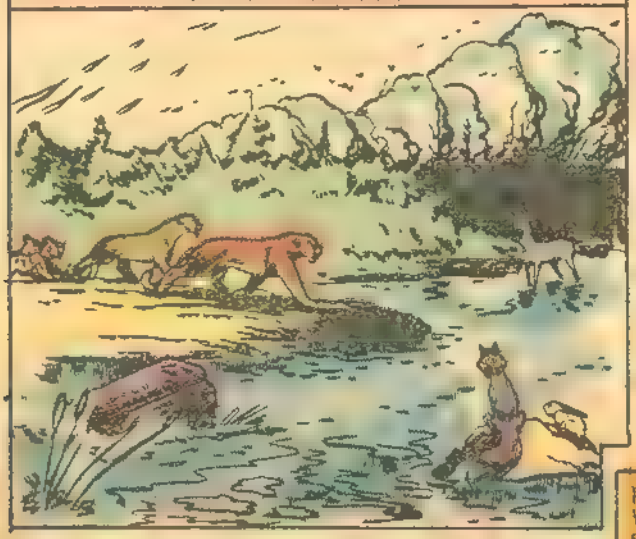
FIRE!...THE MOST DREADED SCOURGE OF THE PLAINS! THE RED TONGUES OF FLAME QUICKLY ROAR INTO A DEVOURING MONSTER SWEEPING OVER THE TINDER-DRY PRAIRIE...

THEN THE GROWING THUNDER OF HOOFS MINGLES WITH THE ROAR OF THE FLAMES AS PANICKED HERDS FLEE BEFORE THE BURNING DOOM! HORSE, BUFFALO, DEER JOIN IN A DESPERATE RACE FROM *DEATH!!*

THE SCARLET TERROR FLIES OVER THE GRASSLANDS DESTROYING EVERYTHING IN ITS GROWING PATH! NIMO PAUSES IN HIS FLIGHT TO SNARL HIS HATRED OF THIS INVINCIBLE FOE...

...THEN THE BIG CAT LEADS HIS MATE AND THE YOUNG TOWARD A HIDDEN POND, HOPING TO FIND SAFETY IN ITS WATERS --IF IT STILL EXISTS!

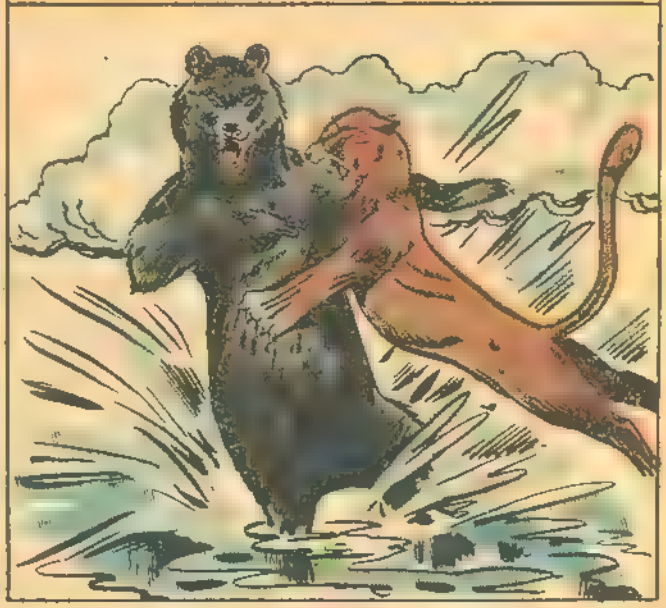
DESPERATELY HOPING TO REACH THE WATER, NIMO DRIVES HIS TIRING CUBS! EVEN AS THE FLAMES LICK AT THEM, THE PANTHER FINDS THE POND--AND REFUGE!



OTHERS ARE THERE BEFORE HIM! ONE OF THE SURVIVORS IS HIS OLD FOE, THE BEAR. THE UGLY-TEMPERED BRUIN RUMBLES HIS HATRED OF THE NEWCOMER!

FORGOTTEN IS THE FLAMING DANGER! THE BEAR DECIDES TO SETTLE OLD SCORES! WITH A SHATTERING ROAR HE LAUNCHES HIS GREAT BULK AT THE PANTHER...

IN A FLASH NIMO MEETS THE SAVAGE ATTACK WITH RAKING CLAWS AND SLASHING FANGS... THE STILL WATERS OF THE OLD POND ARE CHURNED INTO A FROTH AS THE TWO KINGS CLASH!



AS SUDDENLY AS HE HAD CHARGED, THE BEAR DECIDES HE HAS HAD ENOUGH OF THE TEARING FURY HE HAS AROUSED! EVEN AS HE FLEES, A DROP OF WATER SPLASHES INTO THE POND...

RAIN! RAIN WHICH POURS DOWN AND RELIEVES THE PARCHED LAND OF ITS BURNING ANGUISH! NIMO BASKS IN ITS WETNESS AND THE ADMIRATION OF HIS CUBS...

BUT EVEN THE WELCOME RAIN FAILS TO SOOTH THE FURY OF NIMO'S MATE! SHE YOWLS HER DISPLEASURE FOR THEIR LONG UNNECESSARY JOURNEY!... EVEN KINGS HAVE THEIR HECKLERS!

Close-out! 3 POWER ALL-METAL BINOCULARS

These are the very same 3-power all-metal Binoculars that we formerly sold for $9.95. In fact thousands were sold at that price. Yet now on this sensational "close-out offer," you can get a pair of these powerful Binoculars complete with beautiful carrying case as shown for the amazing low price of only $3.98. Think of it—that's a saving of $6.00. How can you lose with such a bargain. But you will miss out entirely unless you hurry . . . for every sportsman, hunter and motorist will want to own a pair at this close-out price. It will be first come, first served while the supply lasts. So rush your order today on the coupon below.

These Binoculars are beautifully made. They have optically ground and polished lenses and adjustable focusing wheel. The sturdy metal barrels are handsomely covered in pebble grain leatherette effect and every pair comes complete with a simulated saddle leather carrying case and adjustable shoulder strap as pictured.

Formerly Sold for $9.95

NOW! On This Close-Out Offer!

only $3.98

- ★ Smartly Styled . . . All Metal Construction
- ★ Powerful — Optically Ground and Polished Lenses
- ★ Draw Tubes Plated
- ★ Black Ebony Finish
- ★ Trimmed in Pebble Grained Leatherette Effect
- ★ Molded Focusing Wheel
- ★ Height—Closed 5¼", Open 6"
- ★ Weight One lb. with Carrying Case

"Enjoy Front Row Seats From Way Back"

You'll get the thrill of a lifetime when you take your first look through these powerful Binoculars. It's positively amazing how well you can see. Makes distant objects appear close—brings them up to you—clear and sharp! You'll want to take these Binoculars with you on hunting trips, to sporting events, to the ocean and seaside. You'll be able to see people and wild life from a distance and watch what they're doing when they can't see you. Enjoy front row seats from way back!

USE FOR 10 DAYS ON MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

So positive are we that you'll be more than thrilled and delighted with the performance, power, and beauty of these Binoculars that we send them to you on a generous 10-day no risk money back guarantee. SEND NO MONEY! Just fill out and mail the coupon today. The postman will deliver your Binoculars complete with the handsome Carrying Case C.O.D. in a few days' time. Then, when they're actually in your hands, we want you to use them for 10 full days with the understanding that your money will be promptly refunded if you're not more than satisfied with them in every respect. Don't delay a single day if you want to own a pair. Rush the coupon today without fail.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE CO., Dept. 6404-C
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois

Gentlemen: Rush me a pair of all metal Binoculars complete with Carrying Case as described above, on your no-risk 10 day Money Back Guarantee offer. I will pay the Postman $3.98 plus postage. It is understood that if I am not completely satisfied I will return them to you within 10 days for refund.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ I enclose $3.98. Please rush the Binoculars and Carrying Case to me all postage charges prepaid.

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want* to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

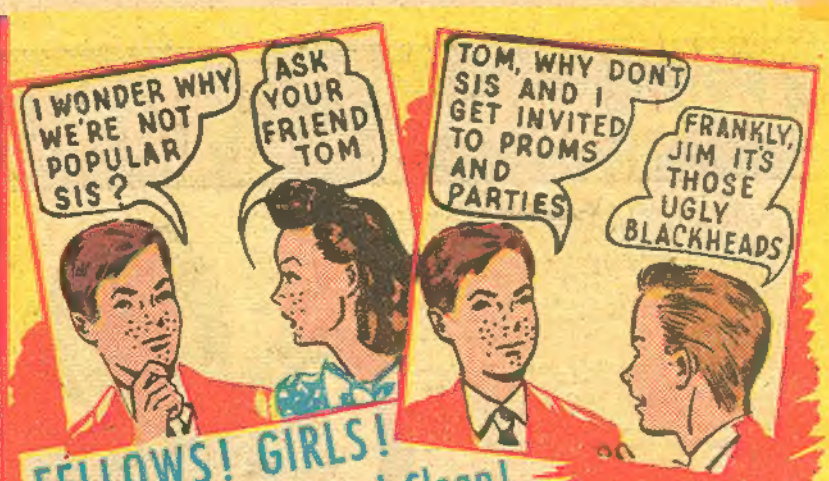
Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that; BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it — with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!


I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?
ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM
TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES
FRANKLY, JIM IT'S THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS

FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it — quickly! — without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germy fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX — now!

ACTUAL LENGTH 3½"

RUSH COUPON NOW!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only $1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing $1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way — just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get $1 back. Order today!

No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!

Just place VACUTEX over blackhead — release extractor — and blackhead's out!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 5003
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

☐ Enclosed find $1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman $1.00 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

HAVE A SLIMMER, YOUTHFUL, FEMININE APPEARANCE INSTANTLY!

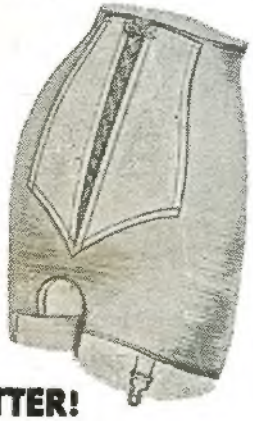
No other girdle or supporter belt has more hold in power! The Up-Lift Adjust-O-Belt is the newest, most comfortable girdle I ever had.

REDUCE

YOUR APPEARANCE! LOOK AND FEEL LIKE SIXTEEN AGAIN!

Don't look old before your time. Do as thousands of others do, wear a comfortable, new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT! The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT with the amazing new *adjustable* front panel controls your figure the way *you* want it, with added support where *you need it most.* Simply adjust the laces and *PRESTO your mid section is reshaped,* your back is *braced* and you look and feel *younger!*

MORE UP-LIFT AND HOLD-IN POWER!



The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT takes weight off tired feet and gives you a more alluring, more daringly feminine, curvaceous figure the instant you put it on. It gives you lovely curves just in the *right places,* with no unwanted bulges in the wrong ones. It whittles your waist line to *nothingness* no matter what shape you may now have. *It's easily adjusted—always comfortable!*

TEST THE **ADJUST-O-BELT** UP-LIFT PRINCIPLE WITH YOUR OWN HANDS!

Clasp your hands over your *abdomen,* press upwards and in gently, *but firmly.* You feel better don't you! That's just what the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT does for you only the ADJUST-O-BELT does it better. *Mail Coupon and test it at home for* 10 *days FREE at our expense!*

APPEAR SLIMMER, AND FEEL BETTER!

You will look like and feel like this beautiful model in your new and improved Up-Lift Adjust-O-Belt.

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT lifts and flattens unsightly bulges, comfortably, quickly, firmly. It *readjusts* easily to changes in your figure, yet no laces touch your body. It gives instant *slenderizing figure control.* It fashionably shapes your figure to it's slimmest lines. *Like magic the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT* obeys your every wish. *Pounds and inches* seem to disappear instantly from waist, hips and thighs. You can adjust it to your slimmed down figure as your figure changes. It gives the same fit and comfort you get from a made to order girdle costing 2 to 3 times the price. It washes like a dream. Style: Panty and regular. Colors nude and white. It's made of the finest stretch material used in any girdle with a pure satin front panel and made by the most skilled craftsmen. It's light in weight but powerfully strong.

It won't roll up, bulge or curl at the top. It gives extra-double support where you need it most. *No other girdle at any price can give you better support, can make you look better, feel better or appear slimmer.* Sizes 24 to 48 waist.

ONLY.....$3.98

Money - Back Guarantee With A 10-Day FREE TRIAL

If the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT isn't better than any supporter you ever had, if *You* don't feel more comfortable, if you don't look and feel younger, if your shape isn't 100% IMPROVED, if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be refunded in full.

FREE: New amazing NYLON laces will be sent free with your order. Try them instead of your regular laces. You may keep them FREE even if you return the girdle.

SEND NO MONEY

ADJUST-O-BELT CO., Dept. 169
1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Rush your new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT for $3.98 in size and style checked ☐ Regular, ☐ Panty

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postage plus handling.
☐ I enclose $3.98. You pay postage plus handling.

CHECK SIZE: ☐ Sm. (25-26); ☐ Med. (27-28); ☐ Lg. (29-30); ☐ XL (31-32); ☐ XXL (34-36); ☐ XXXL (38-40); ☐ XXXXL (42-44); ☐ 5X (46-48).

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE___ STATE_____

I understand if not delighted with the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT I can return it in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

SENT ON APPROVAL

HI-YO! KIDS!

LONE RANGER'S 'Silver Bullet' BALL POINT Pen Set With Cowboy's Belt

Belt and Cartridge Holder Genuine Tooled Steerhide — Engraved Silvery Metal "Fixings!"

For Ranger's Secret Code 3-Pen Set Writes in 3 different Colors!

See TEXAS LONGHORN BUCKLE — also Tip and GUARD — engraved in simulated SILVER!

Lone Ranger Pals! Now use his own "Silver Bullet" pen set for his secret code! Carry safely in the cartridge holder of this real steerhide cowboy's belt — with silvery engraved longhorn buckle and fixin's — all included. These Lone Ranger pens are real writin' sure-nuff *ball point* pens in bullet shape . . . never need filling! Use pen with picture of the Lone Ranger to write BLUE for secret. Use pen with Silver's picture to write RED for danger. Pen with Tonto's picture writes GREEN — for "HI-YO! Let's GO!"

BE FIRST TO WEAR IT!

Your crowd will envy you as first to have the LONE RANGER'S "Silver Bullet" pen set with cowboy belt. A good looker, too! Belt and cartridge holder are finest steerhide, tooled real Western style with oak-leaf pattern, and holder has engraved pictures of the Ranger, Silver and Tonto. Handsome buckle, tip and guard are engraved in simulated silver. Buckle design is real cowhand style with head and horns of wild Texas longhorn. Yet belt and "Silver Bullet" pen set *complete* are only $1.98 —belt sizes are 22 to 32 — and you can try on at no cost! Read this thrilling offer!

YOUR 3 PENS WRITE

RED for danger

BLUE for secret

GREEN for "HI-YO! Let's GO!"

SEND NO MONEY

—***Just mail coupon*** and on delivery pay postman only $1.98 plus postage. Or, to save postage, enclose $2.00 now. Have grand fun with LONE RANGER'S "SILVER BULLET" PEN SET and the COWBOY'S BELT for 10 days. Then, if you want, just return for money back. Don't miss this super thrill. Be a real Ranger pal — and mail coupon today

You Get

- 3 Ball Point Pens in Lone Ranger "Silver Bullet" Set
- 1 Cartridge Holder
- 1 Tooled Western Belt
- 1 Engraved Longhorn Buckle in Simulated Silver all for $1.98

all for $1.98

RUSH COUPON NOW

FUN INDUSTRIES, Dept. PC-51C
45 E. 17th St., New York 13, N. Y.

Send at once your new LONE RANGER'S STEERHIDE BELT, CARTRIDGE HOLDER AND "SILVER BULLET" PEN SET — complete.

_____ BELT SIZE *(Write In)*

☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman $1.98 plus postage.

☐ To save postage, I enclose $2.00.

Name _____

Address _____

City, Zone, State, _____

Money Back Guarantee: — If not delighted may be returned in 10 days for full price refund.